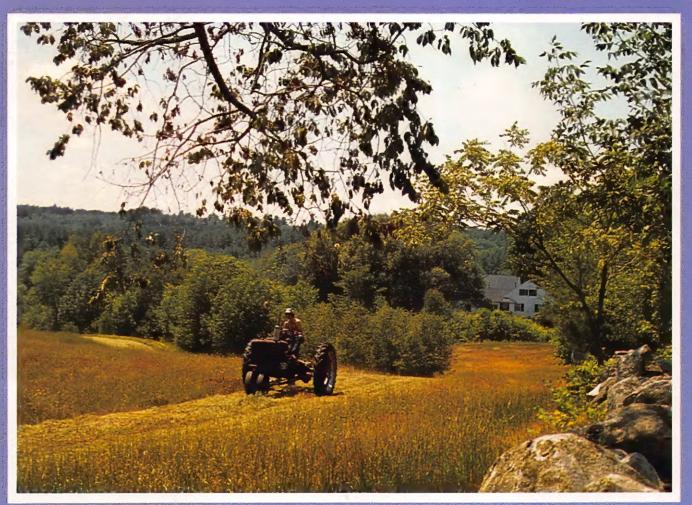
MAINE'S PEOPLE IN PERSPECTIVE

AUGUST, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY TWO VOLUME FIVE, NUMBER EIGHT



Haying in South Waterford-Bill Haynes Photo

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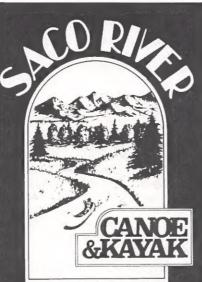


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It is August again—my favorite month of summer. It is softer now; a lavender curtain of haze washes the pale sky and the dull-ochre fields. Gone are the urgent, intense greens of early summer, though the days are still hot and humid; not yet arrived are the incisive scarlets and golds of early fall, though the nights foretell autumn's coolness. We are in a transitional stage more noticeable than any other, save that of spring when ice turns to mud and the crocuses suddenly appear.

It is a subtle palette which Nature offers us in August. Countryman columnist Hayden Pearson described

the atmosphere best:

*(from *The Countryman's Year*, published in 1949 by McGraw-Hill.)

Mist Over Meadows*

"There is a beauty on the meadows in the cool, moist mornings. Through humid days the brassy sun circles near the pole of the horizon. A heat blanket lies over the shorn hayfields. Bird music is muted and water courses quietly in pebbly-bottomed brooks. Corn leaves curl their edges and clumps of white birches on boulder-dotted upland pastures stand patiently above the brown, sun-cured grasses.

"When the first fingers of softcolored light show above the meeting line of earth and sky, the meadows are grey-white ponds. The deep of mist conceals the willows along the creek and hides the tall vaselike elms that dot the mowing. The land patiently waits for the sun to pull in night's cover.

"When the sun lifts above the horizon, and the slanting rays pierce the mist, there is an interlude of loveliness. Minute by minute the mist grows thinner. The shadowy shapes of the trees show dimly through the mistiness. In a few minutes, one can see the dark, winding outline of the

waterway. As the main body of the mist disappears, small ponds of whiteness linger at low spots like white blossoms carelessly tossed on the goldgreen floor of the meadow.

"At dawn there is welcome coolness in the air. Soon the sun will throw its heat over the countryside. But for a time there is beauty on the meadows in the mornings."

Yes, I like August best. It's not just the milky translucence of the air; nor the fact that raspberries and blueberries are ripe. It's partly that my son was born in August—on the birthday of my mother's father, a noble and quietly humorous time to set foot on the earth. It's also that late summer is a time for quiet pursuits.

How appropriate is our issue this August. Soft and gentle are the words with which Kate Douglas Wiggin wrote about Maine (see page 9). Transparently pleasurable is partaking of the art of mime Tony Montanaro (page 17) or the music of the Sebago-Long Lake Region Chamber Music Festival (featured on page 23).

Page d . . .

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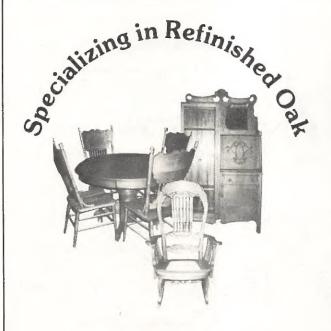
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Bowler vs. Chisholm

The Ill-Fated

Rumford-Bethel Electric Railway



Hugh J. Chisholm

by Randall H. Bennett

E. C. Bowler

The turn of the century ushered in a period of exposure to expanding corruption in machine politics and business tactics throughout the country, events that culminated in 1907 in a nation-wide bank panic eventually revealing critical flaws in U.S. currency and credit structure. Maine suffered its share of the hysteria. Parallelling this memorable decade was another important, but little-known examination of political control in Maine, one which ultimately turned a bustling Maine paper-mill town into a heated battlefield.

At a time when the potential use of water power along the coast of Maine seemed close to its exhaustive stage, industrialists began looking inland for sources of cheap and continuous energy to operate new manufactures. For the Androscoggin valley, it was a long-recognized fact that the famous cataract at Rumford Falls could sustain the development of a "Lewiston" in the wilds of western Maine. However, not until 1882 did such a plan

for tremendous growth actually materialize.

In that year, Hugh J. Chisholm, an active lumber enthusiast and a successful partner in the Portland-based Chisholm Brothers Co.—producers and distributors of the popular lithographed view books of U.S. and Canadian scenery and, in 1884, the first picture postcards in the country—visited the Falls. Here stood a few primitive saw and grist mills of a century earlier.

Of his first impressions,

Chisholm later wrote, "To my mind there came a great possibility, and a great desire to participate in the success and possible development of Rumford Falls, From that moment I was seized with the desire to develop this great water power and within myself made a solemn resolve that no obstacle, be what it may, should stop me in what I was determined to carry out." A quarter-century later, Hugh Chisholm's determination to control the affairs of Rumford Falls met with a bold challenge, one which drew state-wide attention to the busy metropolis that scant years before was described as nothing more than "the falls and a berry pasture."

The events leading to the re-birth of Rumford in the 1890's as a center for the production of paper reveal dramatic changes in a town that once depended upon agriculture more

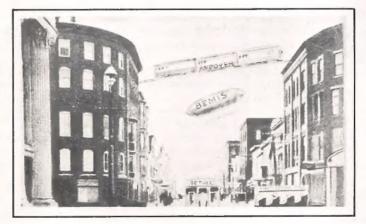
Below: A postcard purporting to be of Congress St., Rumford "In The Future" showing the Rumford and Bethel Street Railway, etc. (from the Bethel Historical Society). than any other activity. Beginning in 1883, with the first engineering survey of the Falls (the highest east of Niagara), Chisholm initiated strategy to purchase through a local agent, Mr. Walso Pettengill, some 1400 acres lying on both sides of the Androscoggin River—thus securing for himself sufficient tracts for mill sites, as well as business and residential areas. By 1890, he and his associates had acquired the needed lands; they organized the Rumford Falls Power Company in August of that year under a \$500,000 capital.

At first a great encouragement was made for the introduction of new business in Chisholm's "model town." Dams were built, canals dug, and an illustrated booklet authorized by the Power Company to attract prospective manufacturers was published. Although Rumford Falls never became a center for the production of cloth, the Power Company's brochure cited capabilities in water power "to run over 1,800,000 spindles, or more than 3,800 sets of wool cards."

Moreover, journals of the paper and

textile trades carried invitations from the awakening Maine hamlet. But, although new industry quickly took root at the Falls, beneath the surface most were partially or completely financed and controlled by Chisholm or the Power Co., which, in the end, answered to his will.

The founder of the Somerset Fiber Co. at Fairfield on the Kennebec River and in 1881 of the Umbagog Pulp Co. at Livermore Falls on the Androscoggin, Chisholm



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31 Paris Street • Norway ME 04268 207/743-8963 held sway over a seemingly endless array of local concerns by 1900. There was the Rumford Falls Paper Co. (of which he was Director), the Rumford Falls Paper Sulphite Co., the Rumford Falls Boom Co., the Rumford Falls Light and Water Co., the Rumford Falls Woolen Co., the International Paper Co., the Continental Paper Bag Co., the Rumford Realty Co., the Rumford Publishing Co., and, of course, the Oxford Paper Co. (now Boise Cascade, Rumford Mill)—the last mill to be organized under his authority.

In addition, the industrialist or one of his several "lieutenants." as his closest associates came to be called. also controlled the major transportation facilities into Rumford, namely the Portland and Rumford Falls Railway (called "two streaks of rust and a right-of-way") and a line from Rumford to Rangeley which hauled passengers in summer and pulpwood in winter. As well, two banks in town fell under his control, while the Power Co. purchased lands and rented property within sight of the many smoke-belching chimneys at most uncomfortable prices.

These facts, of course, should not be interpreted as meaning a general lack of appreciation existed for all that Chisholm had accomplished. The hundreds of mill workers, many steered northward to Oxford County by paper company agents on the promise of steady employment, could generally be counted on to verbalize their thanks for benefits brought about under his constant supervision. But a certain degree of Yankee distrust in urban development was increasingly voiced among members of Rumford's native populace, many of whom had sold land to Pettengill without clear understanding of the underlying plan.

Complaining of fixed wage schedules as well as the high cost of rented or owned homes, one critic went on to describe the feudalistic quality of the development thus:

"Rumford Falls itself is just that curious, jammed-together island full of tall city blocks, with tall modern improvements, hemmed in by rushing water and wild woods. It makes one think of those medieval garrison towns on inaccessible islands; if its bridges were destroyed, it would be a hard place to capture by assault."

Little wonder that conditions seemed ripe when in 1906 a dark cloud of criticism descended on the community.

The voice of the Chisholm interests had been, since 1894, the Rumford Falls Times, under the editorship of Edgar N. Carver and, later, Tracy Barker, This paper, founded in 1883 as the Canton Telephone, moved a few years later to Dixfield to become the Dixfield Telephone. Carver had followed closely the purchase of lands near and at Rumford Falls, and sensing an opportunity, changed the name of the paper for the third time to the Rumford Falls Times and again relocated. Notwithstanding, a flurry of excitement must have filled the air when one afternoon in 1906 a brightly-lettered sign appeared up against the elaborate Italianate architecture of Congress Street's Strathglass Building, with the title The Rumford Citizen!

A complete run of the short-lived and long-forgotten Citizen recently uncovered by this author throws an interesting light on the political strain that developed at Rumford Falls and neighboring Bethel during this time. The founder and editor of the Citizen was Ernest C. Bowler of Palermo, Maine, who was destined years later to become business manager of the Portland Herald (which merged in November of 1921 with the Portland Daily Press to form the present Portland Press Herald).

Some twenty-five miles upriver at Bethel, with its "neatly-kept homes and broad streets overarched with long lines of elms." Bowler became part owner in September, 1897, of the four-page local weekly, The Bethel News. In March of the next year he purchased the remainder of the business from Aked D. Ellingwood and immediately set out on an ambitious program to both enlarge the paper and add a book plant. As exemplifies the typical "muckraker" of that tense period in the country's history, two years before his coming to Rumford. Bowler had exclaimed over the virtues of his adopted town of Bethel in a special edition of the News:

"Although Bethel has several manufacturing industries, yet it is not in the modern sense a manufacturing town. There is no foreign element gathered on the outskirts, no hideous row of corporation tenements, no sharp contrasts between poverty and wealth; an Academy town, it has its own appreciation of intellectual and social life."

If such remarks caught Chisholm's

attention but briefly, Bowler's all-out support for an electric railway between the towns (a project that posed a mighty threat to the transportation monopoly already established at Rumford Falls) set the scene for a great debate, one in which Chisholm had no choice but to involve himself.

Some three months after its first issue appeared, the Rumford Citizen carried an editorial, the subject of which was a grand scheme for an electric railway to run from Rumford Falls to Bethel Hill along the course of the Androscoggin River, Protesting the unusually high freight rates on the present railway that passed through Mechanic Falls, the editor of the Citizen noted that workers were being forced into outlying districts to build their homes while the mills. lumber companies, the Power Company, and the Rumford Falls Realty Company owned and controlled all the property of the village. Furthermore, Bowler made it known that success for the newly organized "Rumford Falls and Bethel Street Railway Company" could only be assured when certain "obstacles" had been overcome at the Falls.

The proposed route of the Railway began in Ridlonville, a residential sector of Mexico, and heading west, traversed Rumford, Hanover, Newry, and finally Bethel, where the line would terminate at the head of Main Street on the Bethel Common. As well, a branch line was planned to end in Andover village. Such a public utility would naturally increase the value of property in Bethel, as well as any along the line; and in carrying mail, freight and passengers, could save the smaller communities between the two railheads a tremendous sum of money in transportation costs. Most important, the town of Andover, handicapped as a stopping-off point on the route to the Rangeley Lakes by the construction of Chisholm's Oquossoc branch of the Portland and Rumford Falls Railroad, would regain its former popularity with summer visitors were the railway built.

In September of 1906, the Rumford Citizen began following closely the railway proposal. As incorporated that month, the Railway Company made immediate plans for survey work. Of "regular steam road gauge," the tracks would pass by ten or twelve saw mills on their course along the Androscoggin and its tributaries, and in doing



Strathglass Park, Rumford Falls (National Historic Register) Photo courtesy of the Bethel Historical Society

so, greatly increase timberland values. Cited as the most important public utility venture since the arrival of the pulp and paper industry at Rumford, the electric line had on its Board of Directors several prominent merchants from the Falls—Orville J. Gonya, Elliot W. Howe, and as President of the Board, Everett K. Day, whose department store (the largest in that part of the state) was located in the Strathglass Block.

Though no direct financial interest is reported between Bowler and the railway, yet one editorial gives a clear picture of his stand:

"The Citizen will champion this enterprise. It has been in touch with the various moves which have been made during the past few months, but the best interests of the project have seemed to demand that nothing be said until the present time."

In recognizing the unsettled atmosphere now created, one farmer sup-

portive of the line stated, "Don't you worry about getting help to lay that road. We'll all turn out and dig if necessary." Indeed, if Day's railway experience with a line he supported in Hallowell was any indication of the Rumford-Bethel line's future, things were about to turn for the better.

But Hugh J. Chisholm's plans for the centralization of the bustling community were now threatened with talk of "going into the country to get acquainted with your neighbors" and of scenic parks in rural Rumford set aside for the benefit of the working class.

Continued Next Month

Bennett is an historian from Rumford, author and editor of several books, among them Sunday River Sketches. He is currently engaged in the Oxford County Historic Resource Survey.

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JoAnne Zywna Kerr Weld

BALLET OF THE HAY

His ballet costume, overalls, his partner but a scythe; His feet in fourth position, his attitude is high.

He swings with grace from side to side, Tracing a circle deep and wide.

His steps progress with slow resolve; The grass lays down in widening swath.

The dulling blade he stops to sharpen, The whetstone moving in unseen rhythm.

'Round rocks and stumps he cuts and pokes Like a tour jeté of quick, short strokes.

The ballet ends. the dance is done: The grass will dry in the blazing sun.

The dancer hangs his partner high As he awaits the grass to dry.

Raked, piled, gathered, the seasoned hay Fills the barn for another day.

As the cows in the winter are bedded and grained He'll recall the warmth of the hay ballet.

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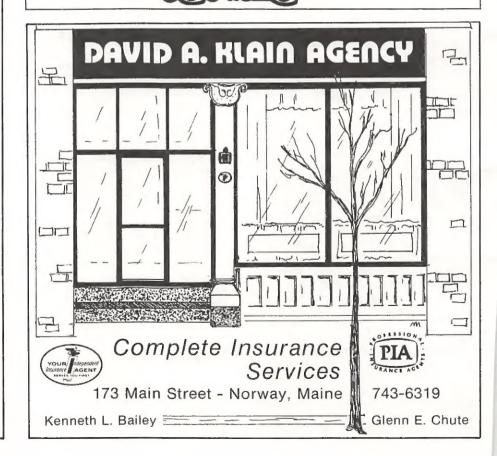


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Recollections:

HAYING by Merton Parsons

The biggest event of the summer on the farm was haying. It started on July 5 (unless that was a Sunday) and, if we were lucky, ended by September 1 (except for a little second-cutting clover). When I was a kid we were still doing it the hard way, although Dad always claimed, and no doubt truthfully, that it was much harder in his boyhood.

The system as I knew it was to cut the grass with a horse-drawn mowing machine having a five or six-foot cut. This was a pretty good machine, and would cut a lot of territory in half a day. Then, after the hay had dried for several hours, generally some time the next day if the weather was good, it would be raked with a horse-drawn rake and left in windrows. The dump rake was a fairly good tool, and is still seen on some smaller farms. It was about 10 feet wide and was drawn by a horse with one person to drive and handle the dumper and the other controls. This was one of my first jobs in haying and I rather enjoyed it. In fact, by the time I was eleven or so, I was considered to be a good raker. and I took much pride in making straight windrows and cleaning up the field nicely.

As soon as the raking was finished, or even before, the job of loading and hauling started. We never had any mechanical hay loader, but always pitched it onto the hay wagon by hand. This was a hard job which Dad generally took himself. The hay wagon was drawn by two horses and, with a man on the rack, would stop alongside the windrow. Here the pitcher-on, who was the man most likely to have sun-stroke, would start pitching. The man on the wagon would "lay the load," building each forkful into a load that would stay on until it reached the barn and, even more important to some people, look square and trim in the process. Uncle John always laid the load when he was working for Dad, and usually he did quite well. Once in a while, however, he would get to dreaming about something and would end up with a lop-sided load that looked bad and would just barely make the barn. Once or twice it didn't. and then it all had to be pitched on again. What a job!

Once the load of hay was in the

barn, it had to be unloaded. We used a "horse fork"—a long metal grapple hung on ropes in such a manner that it, along with a forkful of hay, could be pulled up to the top of the barn and then rolled along a track until it reached the proper spot in the mow. Dad was very proud of the horse fork. He had installed it himself a few years before my time—probably about 1905. Prior to that, the unloading had

Ralph Sturgis, Standish



I AM DONE WITH MOWING

I am done with summer mowing; The air is filled with sweet-scented clover And fresh wild strawberries That were crushed beneath my horse's hoofs.

Only a cluster of Queen Anne's Lace Remains standing in a sea of raked hay Marking the secret nest of the meadowlark That sits unmolested upon a clutch of speckled eggs.

The sun is setting behind the purple hills, Casting a final beam or two Across a flamingo sky, Portending a fair day tomorrow When I shall return to the meadow To gather up the stacks of hay; And when the last forkful Is stashed safely in the loft, I shall hang my fork upon the wall And drink a toast to Ceres, For I am done with summer mowing.

Jack Barnes Brookfield Farm Hiram

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HOMETOWN HEADQUARTERS For All Your Lawn & Garden Needs been done by hand, and what a job it must have been.

In recent years, I often wondered just how Dad went about installing the hay fork and the track it ran on. When the old barn was torn down in 1950, the track came down too, of course, and I had a chance to look it over more closely than ever before. It was a wooden track four inches square made of two 2x4's fastened together and then suspended by half-inch bolts from strong horizontal boards nailed to the rafters near the peak of the barn. It must have been a task to get it up there with all measurements right. Probably it was put up in sections, but it never occurred to me to ask Dad just how he had done it.

I remember once I helped Dad install a new rope for the horse fork. I was probably about ten and not as attentive as I should have been. My job was to act as ground man while Dad got up in the top of the barn and fed the rope through the various pulleys to the fork. It was a hard, nerve-wracking job for him. I'm sure, way up in the top of the barn in June, with practically no hay in the mow in case of a fall. Finally, he had it all fixed, or thought he had-but alas and alack, when we pulled the rope up it had a knot in it which would not go through the pulleys. This was my fault. Dad was quite provoked, and I didn't blame him even then. But he didn't make as much fuss about it as I would have done in his position. We had to do the job all over again.

My job in unloading was to lead or ride the horse that pulled the hay off the load and up into the mow. After the load was in the barn, one horse would be unhitched from the wagon and hitched to the whiffle-tree at the end of the hay rope. Then after Dad had pulled the fork down and set it into the hay, he would shout: "Go ahead," and the horse and I would start out across the field at the back of the barn. The horse really had to pull then, and the rope would sing and the pulleys would squeal. But as soon as the fork locked into the catch at the track, the rest was easy and consisted only of pulling the fork and contents along the track to the spot that Dad chose to dump it. Then he would pull the dump rope and holler "whoa" at the top of his voice (for me to hear some 60 to 90 feet out in the field). This was my signal to stop the horse

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PERENNIAL POINT OF VIEW

M'Lou & Peter Terry

We Dig No Plant Before Its Time! MAINE-HARDY PERENNIALS.

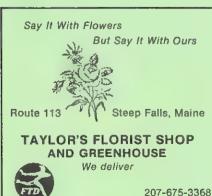
Perennials, Annuals, Vegetables, Organic Fertilizers

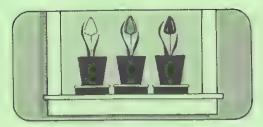
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AUGUST

I love my garden; it's the hoeing, weeding, tilling, mulching, thinning, spraying, and fertilizing that I could do without. But, as Kipling wrote:

> Such gardens are not made By singing, "Oh, how beautiful" And sitting in the shade.

Gardening is at its peak in August. Swiss chard is always ready. Beets should be pulled while still small and tender—if allowed to remain growing too long, they become woody and lose their sweetness. Keep broccoli picked while still small—it can soon get ahead of you, as it grows rapidly once it begins to ripen. String beans should also be picked while young and tender. Both of these veggies will bear more abundantly the more they are picked.

Corn borers enter the corn stalks through the tassles. Check here first for signs of borers and cut the tops or tassels off if damage appears. This does not affect corn growth.

Several years ago we had such an abundance of shell beans that I was getting behind in canning, so I took the advice of a friend and froze them. To do this, shell the beans but do not wash them; put them directly into freezer containers and freeze. So simple and so delicious. They are then cooked as fresh ones and taste like you picked them yesterday.

In the flower garden, take cuttings from your Coleus, Impatiens, and Geraniums for rooting new houseplants for color throughout the winter. Save seeds from Sweet William, Hollyhocks, and Delphinium. Sow seeds of forgetme-nots. It's time now also for sowing seeds of Pansies for the cold frame or for wintering over as field grown. Disbud Dahlias for extra-large, showy blooms.

Bearded Iris should be divided this month if you haven't already done so. When dividing iris, select the strong growing portion from the outside of the clump and discard the central parts which are old and worn out. The rhizome (underground plant stem) should be removed from the parent

Potpourri

Gardening Tips by Margaret Harriman

plant with a sharp knife 2-3 inches back from the growth, providing a section of the rhizome and attached roots. Plant horizontally just below soil surface.

Dry flower enthusiasts, now is the time to gather many of the wild flowers for winter bouquets: Sweet Everlasting, Pearly Everlasting, Goldenrod, Yarrow, Queen Anne's Lace, Joe Pye Weed, Knotwood and Saud Knotwood, Tansy, Sea Lavender, Dusty Miller, Tawny Cotton Grass and Cato-Nine Tails.

All should be picked and dried by hanging upside-down. Pick Cat-o-Nine Tails while greenish-brown and spray or dip in shellac. Cut Sea Lavender sparingly, as it is on the protected list of Maine wildflowers. Most of these are ready to pick through August and into September.

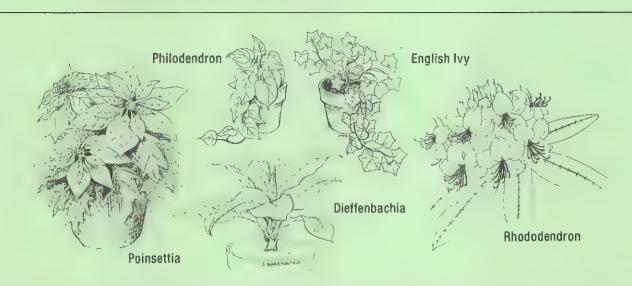
Augustis Acton Fair month in York County, so bring your nicest plants and dried arrangements for all to enjoy. Fair dates this year are Aug. 26th through the 29th. Come and say hello. I should be at the flower barn and would enjoy your company.

Mrs. Harriman, a Limerick florist, has lectured on dry flower arrangements and coordinates the Acton Fair Flower Show.



Drawing by Eleanor Ross, Norway

Perilous Household Plants

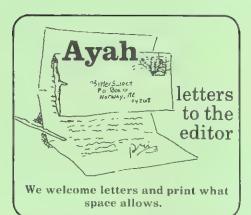


There are probably poisonous plants around your home. Below are only a few of the possible hundreds of deadly toxic substances you may be growing. They are especially dangerous to children and pets—who must be taught never to put any parts of any plants in their mouth. The listing is by no means complete; there are many more. Symptoms to watch for are:

Plants	Toxic Part	Symptoms of illness - Degree of Toxicity
House Plants		
Caladium, Dieffenbachia, Elephant Ear	All parts	Intense burning and irritation of the tongue and mouth. Death can occur if the base of the tongue swells and blocks air passage of the throat.
Philodendron	**	0
English holly	Berries	Severe gastroenteritis
English ivy	Leaves, berries	Stomach pains, labored breathing, possibly coma
Hyacinth, Narcissus, Daffodil, Autumn Crocus	Bulbs "	Nausea, Vomiting, Diarrhea. May be fatal.
Mistletoe	All, especially berries	Fatal to both children and adults
Oleander, Poinsettia	All parts	Extremely toxic, severe digestive upsets. A single leaf of either can kill a child. Oleander affects the heart. Contact dermatitis.
Rosary pea, Castorbean	Seeds, Foliage	Burning in mouth, convulsions followed by death. A single rosary pea or castorbean seed can be fatal.
Shrubs and Trees		
Cherry Eiderberry Horsechestnut Oaks	Twigs, foliage Roots All parts Foliage, acorns	Gasping, excitement, prostration Nausea and digestive upset Nausea, twitching muscles, sometimes paralysis Affects kidneys gradually. Takes a large amount for poisoning, but children should not be allowed to chew on acorns

In case of a suspected poisoning, notify the Center immediately:

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PHYSICIAN'S COMPLAINT

Your recently published two-part series by Dr. Michael Lacombe on meningitis provided some basically useful information for the general public. However, there were some misleading statements made by Dr. Lacombe that are at best inaccurate and at worst potentially dangerous.

Dr. Lacombe made several statements implying that family physicians should not treat patients with meningitis and that only internists and pediatricians are capable of treating this type of problem. His categorical statements are simply wrong. There are many competent general and family practicioners who are capable of diagnosis and treatment of meningitis. While it is true that there are family practitioners and general practitioners who choose not to care for patients of this type because of limited experience, there are also many internists and pediatricians who would not care for patients with meningitis for the same reasons. The simple fact is that physicians are given privileges to care for patients in hospitals on the basis of their individual level of competence, not necessarily on the basis of speciality training and certification. The hospital where the physician works, in conjunction with the medical staff, is required to verify the physicians' ability to diagnose and treat specific diagnoses competently.

> Michael F. Mascia, M.D., M.P.H. Bridgton

Ed. Note: Dr. Lacombe, who is an internist, did state in his June column that his opinion on treatment of the infrequently-found meningitis reflected a personal bias. We thank Dr. Mascia for reminding us that there are certainly other physicians with experience in treating meningitis. "Medicine For The Hills" is intended to further health education among all of us in Maine. We know that competent physicians of any sort would naturally seek the advice of those with experience in the treatment of any disease with which they were unfamiliar.

REMEMBERING HOME

I found an old copy of BitterSweet which I had purchased on a visit home to Maine a while back, and enjoyed re-reading the whole thing. I am wondering if you still print this wonderful magazine of Maine and her people? If you do, I would like to subscribe.

Glenna Brunaker Wernersville, Pennsylvania

I was born on Streaked Mt., Whitman Four Corners, 1910. Moved to Norway, 1918. My fourth or fifth grandfather got 100 acres of land from the Great & General Court for \$9.09 for his part in the Revolutionary War.

The most that I can say for your magazine is that I wish I had it from the first copy forward. It's great. I was at the Norway railroad station to greet Mellie Dunham home from Henry Ford's affair (a very large gathering). (March, 1982.)

Leland Taylor Oxford, Massachusetts

You have an very interesting blend of

material in your magazine, from the nostalgic to the current—for instance, the Billiken story. (May, 1982.) In 1922 my family moved to a house built in 1900 and my sister, a teenager then, was intrigued to find over her bedroom closet door a little Billiken perched on its pedestal of white plaster. She remembered the inscription around the base: "The God of Things as They Ought To Be," and thinks the copyright date on the back was 1901. The Billiken disappeared some time in the thirty years we lived there, but the base survived to be given to a tag sale a few years ago.

The Youth's Companion was my childhood literary companion and I remember the C. A. Stephens stories though they were more favorites with my father than me. Again, thank you.

Harriet Best Enfield, Connecticut

LIBRARIAN'S LAMENT

I am writing for two reasons. First to tell you how much **BitterSweet** is read and appreciated by the patrons of the Char-

Page 36 . . .



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... Page 2 BitterSweet Views Absorbing are the occupations of getting in the hay (page a), or harvesting the corn (page 15), or stitching up the winter quilts (pictured are Hartford Heritage quilters in 1981 working on their second quilt—see page 28).

This issue is for you. Enjoy. If you like it, please consider subscribing and/or buying it for a friend. This is important—a quietly supportive gesture for us; a literary boon for you. We'd like to be here for you in the spring—when the crocuses and mud arrive!

Many Marcotto



Kate Douglas Wiggin



and the Old Peabody Pew

by Jack C. Barnes

Several roads converge at Tory Hill, a tiny hamlet on the Buxton side of the Saco River. Aside from the small business complex where Routes 112 and 4A converge, there is little evidence of change having been made in recent years.

One can tell at a glance that there are residents of this quiet little village who have civic pride and abide by their Puritan legacy for neatness, for the little church with a classical look is meticulously maintained; and the broad expanse of grass, the walkway. and the large cemetery are impeccably kept up. One can wander about the carefully-trimmed cemetery and read the names of those who lived out their lives in this microcosmic corner of the universe-the sturdy, rustic folk whose lives centered around this small meeting house. Many of those who attended the first service when this building was completed in 1822 are lying beneath the green sod here. And this little Congregational Church served more than just the people of Tory Hill. Most of those who lived across the river in Salmon Falls came here for Sunday worship, and many came from Bar Mills-just "down the road a piece."

No, at first glance there is nothing really unusual about this little church on Tory Hill. No matter how tiny the hamlet is in New England, there will be a church of some sort, usually with a steeple—but on this church, one may notice a small sign that identifies it as The Tory Hill Meeting House: "The Old Peabody Pew."

It is difficult to say whether it was the church itself or the honorary president of a group of women who belonged to the local Dorcas Society that was most responsible for the aura of immortality that has been cast over these tiny hamlets. I guess I would cast my vote for the president—Kate Douglas Wiggin—for it was her creative mind and pen that gave birth to The Old Peabody Pew back in 1905. You see, The Old Peabody Pew is only a story . . . a myth, you might say. It is difficult to convince most folks of this. They come as they always have,

asking to see "the pew." As one oldtimer explained it:

"They come heah, summer folks 'specially, wantin' to see 'the old Peabody pew.' I yus'ta tell 'em theah wa'nt no 'old Peabody pew'—theah nevah was. But didn't do no good. They was bound and determined that theah was. So now I jus' say, ayah, when they tell me what they want, and show them our church. Gosh a'mighty, there be times when they even git me half-way believin' theah actually was a Peabody pew."

There is a touch of irony in that back when the original church was organized in 1760 (it was dedicated to Almighty God, Sunday morning, August 15, 1762), there was not a single woman member. Yet it would be the Dorcas Society women and their dedication to maintaining the present church that would bring fame to it and Tory Hill.

Although Kate Douglas Wiggin was born in Philadelphia, she and her beloved sister, Nora Archibald Smith—also a very fine writer—claimed Salmon Falls and Tory Hill as their home. "They just fit right in—took a'holt right along with the rest of us," said one Dorcas member.

Kate Wiggin's mother, Helen Eli-



zabeth Dyer, was born in Calais, Maine. She came from sturdy stock and lived to be ninety-one. Unfortunately for us, Kate did not inherit her mother's stamina and salubrious health. The Smiths on the father's side were also associated with Calais, although her father, Robert Noah Smith, was born in Providence, Rhode Island.

When Kate was three years old and Nora a baby, their father died; and their widowed mother moved to Portland, Maine, where they resided for three years. Kate's real life began when Helen Smith married Dr. Albion Bradbury, a distant cousin, who owned a pretty little white house in Salmon Falls overlooking the Saco River and just across the street from the house which would become known as "Quill-cote" in 1894 when Kate, Nora, and their mother made it their summer residence. It would remain Kate's summer home until her death in 1923.

As children, Kate and Nora attended the local district school at Salmon Falls and the little brick school in Buxton. When Kate was thirteen, she boarded for a year at the Gorham Female Seminary. It was here that she was influenced by her Latin teacher, Miss Mary Smith, who recognized Kate's dramatic talent and helped her develop it.

Kate eventually joined her family in Santa Barbara, California, where they had moved because of Dr. Bradbury's failing health. It was in San Francisco that Kate, later joined by her sister, pioneered the kindergarten in the West.

Kate married twice. While living in California, she was married first to an aspiring young lawyer, Samuel Bradly Wiggin, whom she met at the home of mutual friends in Hollis. A few years after their marriage. Mr. Wiggin died, but she would continue to write under the name Wiggin, even after her marriage to George Riggs in 1895.

Although Kate traveled extensively, lived abroad, and after her marriage to George Riggs, lived in New York during the winters, her first love was always Maine and especially the vil-

(Below) left, Kate's study at Quillcote, Salmon Falls; right, a painted room attributed to Rufus Porter.





lages of her childhood, on the banks of the Saco River-which she so beautifully depicted in the first chapter of her delightful novel, Waitstill Baxter.

"We are three tiny villages on the brink of the Saco River in York County. Maine" is how she described her favorite little world tucked away in the hinterland of Maine in her informal autobiography, My Garden of Memory-which was published the year she died.

More than anything else, Kate Wiggin and her sister were fond of the people there. Olive W. Hannaford, coauthor of Recollections of Old Buxton, Maine and A History of Hollis, Maine, has endearing childhood memories of Kate Douglas Wiggin.

"Kate was interested in everything and everybody. She used to buy dolls and take them to an orphanage in New York where the young girls were learning to sew. They made beautiful clothes. Each spring when she returned to Quillcote, she would bring the dolls with her and donate them to the Dorcas Society to sell at their annual fair. Every year I was interested in dolls, my father bought me

Mrs. Hannaford has a number of children's books which were presented to her by Kate Wiggin. Inside the cover of each is a thoughtfully-written message, and each one has meant so much to Mrs. Hannaford, who, along with her friend Alice Cousens, is the local historian and authority on Kate.

There is no better example of the civic-mindedness of both Kate and Nora than the active role they played in organizing the Dorcas Society in 1897. (It was incorporated in 1907the name Dorcas originating with Dorcas of Jappa, considered to be a saint who dedicated her life to performing saintly deeds.)

Inscribed as an introduction to a small book, Dorcas Doings, is the following message from Kate:

"Maine needs greater public spirit and togetherness in village life. If the chain is never stronger than its

weakest link, then our smaller hamlets must bestir themselves, for we cannot make a great and prosperous state out of abandoned farms or stagnant towns, from which our young people depart in order to secure elsewhere greater opportunities for advancement."

It was at the Tory Hill Meeting House that Kate and Nora devoted much of their time and effort while at Quillcote. Beginning in 1895 with The Village Watchtower, it became almost an annual event for Kate Wiggin to read her most recent stories and excerpts from her newest novel. It was a delight for all those who attended those readings. Both sisters sang in the choir, taught Sunday School, and served on various church committees. Thus it was that, on an October morning in 1905 when Kate was assiduously involved with the Dorcas ladies, scrubbing the pews and laying carpet, she conceived the book that would bring fame to the ancient meeting-house. Kate Wiggin described the birth of The Old Peabody Pew in My Garden of Memory:

"After the workers had dispersed, I sat in the quiet church, waiting for the old horse and carry-all to take me on its second trip down the hills that led to home. The afternoon sun shone in the open doors, drying the sweet, clean, soap-scented pews, and all at once a story took shape in my mind. The Dorcas members made a background, and then the pew in which I sat filled slowly with personages that fitted themselves into their rightful places, personages that had to do with a love-story begun long ago, in





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which the youth and maiden were separated for a dozen years; a story that had its happy end, just as it had its beginning, under the shelter of the old steeple. I closed my eyes and dreamed it out, even to naming the hero and heroine Justin Peabody and Nancy Wentworth. They wrote themselves down unbidden, and the story of "the old Peabody pew" was almost finished and dedicated to the Dorcas Society before I left the church."

As Mrs. Hannaford explained, "Kate saw a story in everything and everybody."

Kate was meticulous in searching through all the old church records to make certain that there had never been a Nancy Wentworth or a Justin Peabody, She chose Peabody because Peabody Pew had a nice ring to it; it

was good alliteration.

Kate Wiggin chose a sparkling day in December for fifteen Dorcas ladies-many of them widows and spinsters, for there was a paucity of men in the tiny hamlets of Edgewood (Tory Hill) and Riverboro (Salmon Falls)-to meet at the meeting-house to begin refurbishing the interior in preparation for the Christmas holiday. Nancy Wentworth, thirty-five and a spinster, is the heroine, Each lady, as might be expected, chooses her own family pew to scrub and carpet. But there is no one left of the Peabody family to care for their pew, which for over ten years has remained

Nancy reminisces with a note of sadness about the many pleasant Sundays when she sat with Esther Peabody, her brother Justin, and their

parents. Those were golden days, but they seem to be gone forever.

When Justin's father died, he tried to make a go of the farm. The trouble was that Justin seemed to be born under an unlucky star. Everything he attempted to do failed, including his attempt to farm.

The following dialogue in The Old Peabody Pew is indicative of the excellent command Kate Wiggin had of local dialect, and explains why she (along with her friend Sarah Orne Jewett) is considered a true Maine author, who captured for posterity life in the small Maine towns around the turn of the century.

Justin could explain the attitude of caterpillars, worms, grasshoppers and potato-bugs toward him only by assuming that he attracted them as the magnet in the toy boxes attracts

the miniature fish.

"Land o'liberty! Look at them congregate!" ejaculated Jabe Slocum, when he was called in for consultation. "Now if you'd gone in for breedin' insecks, you could be as proud as Cuffy 'n exhibit 'em in the County Fair. They'd give yer prizes for size 'n speed Iguess! Why, say, they're real crowded for room-the plants ain't give 'em enough leaves to roost on!"

At last Justin gave up his fruitless struggle with the inhospitable elements and decided to try his luck in the West. Although neither Juston nor Nancy had ever spoken a word of love to each other-for these were Victorian times—each carried a torch for the other. But Justin could not ask Nancy to marry a failure and live the life of a pauper, so his parting words to her were: "You'll see me back when my luck changes."

So successful was Nancy at concealing her longings for Justin that not even her parents suspected their daughter's secret. Now, at thirty-five, her parents dead. Nancy's hopes of a life with Justin are rapidly diminishing: "Nowadays, Nancy's eyes never had the sparkle of gazing into the future."

On this December Saturday, Justin has returned to Edgewood from the West. What will happen? Will they live happily ever after? I leave this to the reader to discover by delving into The Old Peabody Pew.

This simple but lovely romance published by Houghton-Mifflin became an instant success among thousands of readers both here and abroad.

It was late in Kate Wiggin's literary career that she became a playwright. In My Garden Of Memory, she wrote:

"Why it ever came at all, I do not know. My earliest years were spent in a Maine village, and surely nothing was there to stimulate a love for drama, for life flowed on as quietly as the stretch of river beneath our cottage windows."

Certainly some credit must be given to Miss Mary Smith, her Latin teacher at Gorham. Kate also felt that the years she worked with kindergarten children in California contributed significantly to her eventually turning her pen to writing for the stage. Actually, her literary career itself had begun with the writing of stories such as The Birds' Christmas Carol to earn money to finance projects for her kindergarten program. Before that, she had taken part in community plays in Santa Barbara; later she performed on stage for kindergarten benefits in San Francisco and played Shakespearian roles in the Stratford-on-Avon theatre. Many times she rewrote poorlywritten scripts for her little kindergarten plays.

Eventually she turned to her own books. Others from time to time had dabbled with her most classical work—Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm—but she felt she could best dramatize the characters she had created. She developed the habit of reading aloud the dialogue in her books to test the sound and effect it would have on the reader. This practice was significant in her endeavors to transform her novels into plays, but it wasn't easy. She wrote:

"When your book lies open in your lap, the people seem rather lifelike, but, when you pry them out from between the covers and attempt to stand them on end in a play, they are so metimes transformed into dummies."

It seems that Kate Douglas Wiggin was destined to become an instant success at whatever she chose to do with the pen. She had never known the trauma of having her stories rejected. With the aid of a collaborator, her play Rebecca was successful; as was the adaptation from her Birds' Christmas Carol.

Altruistic motives often inspired her to turn to the pen—and that was the case in 1915 when a need to raise money for the Dorcas Society led her to write an adaptation of The Old Peabody Pew to be performed on stage. Strangely, the idea did not originate with her, but with a letter from a Miss Jennie E. Howard, one of a number of American ladies engaged in directing normal schools for the training of teachers in Argentina. The "Columbia Club" in Buenos Aires-an organization of twenty-five women who attempted to keep abreast of events. people, and literary events in England and America-had performed The Old Peabody Pew as adapted by a woman from Boston.

Upon reading the letter, Nora Smith exclaimed to her sister, "I don't see how anybody could have made a play



(Above) The cast in 1917, including Kate Douglas Wiggin herself (in hat).



(Above) The cast in 1982. Front row, left to right: Ansel Stevens, Gloria Jean Stevens, Michele Robbins, Gertrude Elwell, Margarite Vail. Back row: Kathryn Curtis, Sharon House, Camille Fields, Lillian Fogg, Judith Sjeelander

of that story!"

"Nor I either," was Kate's quick response. Nevertheless, that letter was all the catalyst necessary to set Kate's wonderfully-creative mind to work. The more she thought about it, the more splendid the idea seemed to her. Here was the type of play that could be performed in any rural community by townspeople with no theatrical background. There was no need for elaborate staging, lighting, or backdrops, and it was a marvelous way for a community to earn money.

"I wrote the play for old-fashioned country meeting houses and that is where it belongs," she said. "...I tried to keep the humor wholesome, genial, and discreet, letting it circle about church and ministerial activities that left no sting behind them."

The intial dramatization on August 16, 1916, met with success and became an annual community pageant, accompanied by a fair put on by the Dorcas Society that was held at Quill-cote until the author's death. People came from as far away as thirty miles to view the play and, in a sense, to participate in the play because of the close proximity of the audience to the cast. They were easily moved to tears and laughter as the play progressed.

Abraham T. Cummings played the role of Justin Peabody for the first performance, and twenty-two times after that. Floyd Hannaford eventually took his place, with his wife Olive playing the role of Nancy.

The two leads are currently being played by Ansel and Gloria Stevens. Ansel, an English teacher at Bonny Eagle and himself a promising young writer, has special feelings about the

folk play:

"The Old Peabody Pew reflects life in rural Maine at the turn of the century. Nostalgic in every detail, its simple message is noteworthy for those who try to seek happiness in riches. The love that binds a man and a woman together is the important thing, and little else is needed to live a happy life. Although the theme is hardly unique, the flavor of the Maine character captures the idea so poignantly that it almost becomes original. In this fashion, the love between Justin and Nancy becomes a model for all.'

The concept of The Old Peabody Pew quickly caught on in other rural New England communities. Real-life romances have even been kindled from the performance of the play, as related recently by Gladys Hasty Carroll (who wrote her own successful folk play from her book As The Earth Turns).

"My brother Harold and Jeannie Sanborn (granddaughter of South Berwick's Dr. Sanborn) both graduated from Berwick Academy in 1914. but didn't know each other well and never saw each other again until 1919 when he came back from the service We were living in town during the winter months . . . there they became reacquainted and, after they played Justin and Nancy, they were engaged."

On August 13th and 14th of this year, The Old Peabody Pew will again be performed at Tory Hill Meeting House. With a little imagination, one can perhaps roll back the years to 1916. Teams of horses are tied nearby an assortment of motor cars. The sexton pulls the rope and the bell in the belfry sends out a resounding resonance that can be heard far across the river. A hush descends on the audience as Kate Douglas Wiggin, dressed in white, gracefully ascends to the altar and begins to read. The play has begun.

The author expresses his profound appreciation to Mrs. Olive Hannaford, and to Mr. Turner, present owner of Quillcote, who has returned many of Kate Douglas Wiggin's possessions and memorabilia there. The Tory Hill Meeting House is listed with the National Register of Historic Places.







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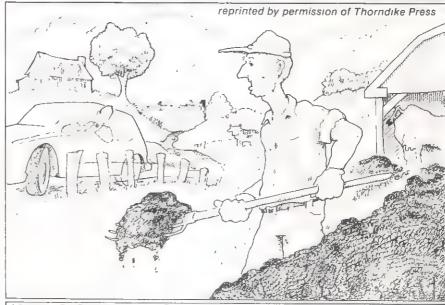
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MEMORIES

Memories
crystallized in time
fragments caught
suspended like prisms in a soap bubble
reflecting each color over and over

Memories like shadows following behind sometimes long sometimes short sometimes disappearing altogether untouchable as the substance of thought

Memories like the bottom of a pool shifting wavering clouding over as the winds of time pass by

Scents carried away on a breeze bits of tunes sung then forgotten dreams lost upon waking the essence stays behind and colors our days.

> Nancy Dalot Gardiner



Photos by Nathaniel Buck, Farmington

Homemade

Corn Season Recipes by Beatrice Comas

When deciding how much fresh corn one will need to buy or pick for a meal, experience has taught that we should at least multiply that quantity by two! Then if by chance every ear is not consumed, there are a variety of delicious dishes you can prepare to take care of the surplus.

Remove those cooked kernels from the cob and toss them into a meat and/or vegetable soup or stew, a meat pie filling, scrambled eggs, omelets, salads, and waffle or fritter batter.

Corn chowder is an all-time oldtime favorite. More exotic is Curried Cream of Fresh Corn Soup for a light meal. Another exciting possibility is the following meal-in-one:

Mexican Corn and Chicken Soup

3-1/2 cups fresh corn kernels I cup chicken stock or broth 1/4 cup butter or margarine 2 cups milk 1 garlic clove, minced 1 teaspoon oregano Salt and freshly-ground pepper to taste 1 Tbsp. canned chilies, rinsed and diced I cooked chicken breast, boned and chopped

I cup diced fresh tomatoes 1 cup cubed Monterey Jack cheese 2 Tbsp. minced parsley

Combine corn and chicken stock in blender or food processor and puree. In large saucepan, combine butter or margarine and corn mixture and simmer slowly 5 minutes, stirring to keep corn from sticking to pan. Add milk, garlic, oregano, salt and pepper and bring to a boil. Reduce heat. Add chilies and simmer 5 minutes. Divide chicken and tomatoes among 6 bowls. Remove soup from heat. Add cheese and stir until melted. Ladle into bowls and sprinkle with parsley. Serves 6.

Fresh Corn Salad

1/2 teaspoon powdered mustard 1/2 teaspoon water

3/4 teaspoon salt

1/2 teaspoon paprika 1/4 teaspoon sugar 1/8 teaspoon onion powder 1/8 teaspoon ground black pepper 1/2 cup salad oil 4 cups fresh corn cut from cob 1 cup diced green pepper 1 4-oz. jar pimiento, diced 2 Tbsp. cider vinegar

Combine powdered mustard with water and let stand for 10 minutes. Stir in salt, paprika, sugar, onion powder, black pepper and oil. Let stand 1 hour. Cut kernels off cobs. In a bowl, mix corn, green pepper, and pimiento. Just before serving, add vinegar to oil and spice mixture and mix well. Makes 6 cups.



Melt-In-Your Mouth Fritters

Cooking oil 2-1/2 cups cooked corn kernels 1 cup flour 3/4 cup milk 2 eggs 1 teaspoon salt 1 teaspoon sugar 1/4 teaspoon freshly-ground pepper

Heat oil in large skillet. Combine remaining ingredients in bowl and mix well. To make half-dollar-size fritters, drop by teaspoonsful into hot oil. Fry until golden brown on each side, turning once. Drain on paper towels and serve immediately. Serves 4 to 6.

30-Minute Corn Chowder

6 slices bacon 1 cup chopped onion 4 small potatoes, pared 1 13-3/4-oz. can chicken broth 3 cups corn kernels 1/4 teaspoon pepper I cup milk

1 cup light cream or evaporated milk1 Tbsp. chopped parsley

Sauté bacon in Dutch oven until crisp. Remove to paper towel. Crumble and reserve. Remove all but 2 Tablespoons drippings from pan. Add onions. Sauté until soft-about 5 minutes. Wash and cut potatoes into 1/2-inch cubes. Add to onions with chicken broth. Cover and cook 15 minutes, Add corn and pepper, Cook 5 minutes more. Stir in milk and cream iust until heated through. Sprinkle bacon and parsley on top. Serves 6 to 8 people.

Corn And Zucchini Bake

3 medium zucchini, unpeeled 1/4 cup chopped onion 1 tablespoon butter or margarine 2 cups fresh corn, cut from cob. cooked and drained 1 cup shredded Swiss cheese 2 beaten eggs 1/4 teaspoon salt 1/4 cup fine dry breadcrumbs 2 Tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese1 Tablespoon butter or margarine, melted

Wash but do not peel zucchini, Cut into 1-inch-thick slices. Cook, covered. in a small amount of boiling salted water until tender, 15 to 20 minutes. Drain and mash with a fork, Cook onion in 1 Tablespoon butter or margarine until tender. Combine zucchini, onion, cooked corn, Swiss cheese, eggs, and salt. Turn mixture into 1-quart casserole. Combine crumbs, Parmesan and melted butter or margarine. Sprinkle over corn mixture. Place casserole on a baking sheet. Bake, uncovered, at 350°F until knife inserted off-center comes out clean-about 40 minutes. Let stand 5 to 10 minutes before serving. Garnish with cherry tomatoes and parsley, if desired. Serves 6.

Beatrice Comas is a free-lance writer from Portland.



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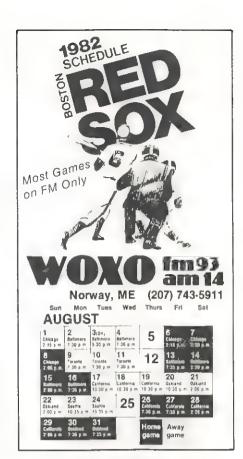
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and return for another go. This continued until the load was all in the mow—usually some 6-8 forkfuls.

During the course of the unloading process, someone had to be up in the mow to spread the hay out after it had been dropped in a bunch from the fork. This was usually the hired man's job-and a hot and tiring task it was. When Uncle John was doing it, he could never keep up, which disgusted Dad. But Uncle John was more interested in his birds' nests and his piccolo: farming to him was necessary but unpleasant, and he never had his heart in it. Bernice and Phil loved unloading, however, because they could play in the mow and even chase the hay fork along the track as it came and went. They could do this by running along a series of planks strung across the big collar beams in the barn. These were some 30 feet above the floor and playing on them was a little risky until the barn was partially filled with hav. But play they did, and how I envied them as I jockeved the old horse back and forth.

Haying was a busy time and it was harder work in those days. But it did have its compensations. Even as a kid I used to get a lot of satisfaction in smelling the new-mown grass or looking over a clean-cut field from which the hay had just been removed. Appetites were always good after working in the hay field. Furthermore, it was a good way to get to know your neighbors. We always swapped work in haying, particularly after Dad died in 1922. One year soon after that, probably in 1924, we worked out a deal with out neighbor Oscar Leighton to hay our two farms jointly. This was a silly deal because each farm had enough hay to keep three men busy for the normal haying season. But we started out, he with two small horses and the usual equipment for his contribution. Phil and I with one horse and lots of equipment for ours. We hayed furiously all through July and August and still weren't finished. The hav in the field was getting too ripe and all the neighbors were done (and snickering at us, no doubt.) We finally finished up some time in September, just about in time to start school. What a summer!

Mr. Parsons writes about his childhood in South Paris. He is now retired to Fairfax, Virginia.

Maine 117 meanders easterly out of the Oxford County shiretown of South Paris, sometimes over, sometimes around the heavilywooded Appalachian foothills. Stockfarm Road-narrow, dirt, graded every spring-leads to the left. Two miles up, with a view that includes ever more hills, the old stock farm has ceased long ago to produce beef and dairy cattle. Today it produces mime scripts. improvisations, technique workshops.

It is here that the international mime virtuoso Tony Montanaro has centered his activities for the past 10 years. He lives with his family in the large, square farmhouse, and works with students in a refurbished barn with a "1902" sign over the entryway. The barn is his theatre in which he presents regular weekend shows.

It is here in this unlikely spot in the foothills of Maine's Blue Mountains that Montanaro has taken his career from a national scope to an international arena.

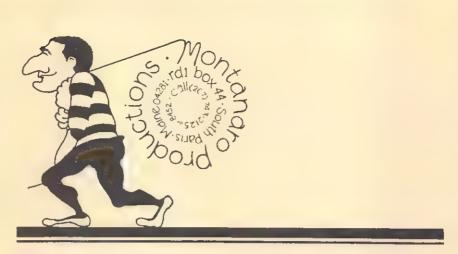
At 55, Montanaro says, "I think I know now what I'll do with my life." Through Montanaro Productions, a for-profit company which replaces the non-profit Celebration Mime Company, he is planning a major thrust into video.

Montanaro Productions will produce both teaching tapes and general-audience material. Using apprentice workshops as a basis, Montanaro will create video tapes which highlight mime technique and routines. These will be available to schools and groups for teaching purposes. He will also be taping his new shows for television and movie audiences.

"I'm placing all my eggs in one barn," he quips as he reflects on the video project he is about to undertake.

"A mime can't make a living any more from tours. Funds have dried up, and gas prices consume whatever income is available."

Tony's new approach will largely limit live performances to programs



Tony Montanaro by Denis Ledoux

at his barn. "People know I'm here. I can fill the barn anytime I want to hold a show, anytime I need to interact with an audience. But I'm not going to tour like I used to; I'll let people come here."

Tony's experience with film dates to the 50's when he did Colgate commercials in Italy. In 1962 and 1963, he wrote the script for and starred in a t.v. regular for children ("Pretendo"), aired over the Philadelphia CBS affiliate. He has also done bits for CBS specials out of N.Y.C., hosted Portland's "Seesaw," a t.v. program for children, and worked with Lewiston's WCBB-TV.

Tony is excited about the new turn in his career. With video, he will "be able to choose effects, to zero in on the face, the shoulders, the feet—whatever I want audiences to be affected by."

"I'm interested in commercial work, too. My tapes will run for as long as the matter calls for them to run. I don't want to squeeze or stretch my work to fit commercial requirements. When word gets around what I'm doing, people will come to me for the tapes."

People have been approaching Tony for a long time. Swedish National Television (Sveriges) commissioned him to do four color specials in the fall of 1981. Montanaro and his troupe also gave five live performances. When word got out, the Stockholm hall in which the troupe was performing filled quickly, and many mime fans had to settle for standing room.

"There isn't a mime in Sweden who got such a contract as I had," says Tony, pleased at the recognition his work is receiving.

Such a stature has been many in the developing.

After graduation from Columbia in 1956, Tony auditioned successfully to study with Marcel Marceaux. After a threemonth stay in Paris, he toured Europe, presenting mime wherever he could. Back in New

York, he did office work for a couple of years. ("It wasn't bad, really," he says) and developed his first long show, "A Mime's Eye View," which he still uses. He started teaching early—not as a master, but as a sharer.

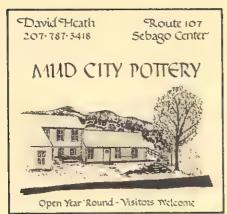
"I was teaching and performing at the same time. This is ideal because it makes many things clear about the philosophy and technique of mime. I was being pushed to be simple and explicit."

Very early on, Frances Schram, a New York agent who still represents him, became interested in Tony. Gradually he began earning more at mime than at office work and devoted himself full time to his art.

"It's easy to start as a mime," says Tony confidently in the student kitchen of his school-barn. "It's just hard to make a go of it."

There are several ways for young people today to establish themselves in mime. According to Tony, one is to study with a performing teacher who can acquaint them with performing opportunities. Another is to get t.v. exposure; a third is to "showcase" such as at a festival. Lastly, there is hitting the streets.

"An aggressive mime with a minimum of talent can make a living wage on the street. It can be easy money—and the end of one's development as a mime. There are flashy techniques that can wow every audience. Without a discriminating, demanding audience, a mime gets sloppy, doesn't explore new material.





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Oxford Plaza •Route 26 Oxford, Maine Getting sloppy is the last thing Tony wants for himself. He lives and breathes mime, and when he talks about his work, he gets animated as one does talking of a lover or of one's child

The farm in South Paris has given him an opportunity to live in natural beauty, to have a place to relax, to regenerate his energies, as well as to create new forms of mime. But, says Tony, "I don't attract the local support I'd like. My audiences are composed of tourists and my students are mostly from away—though I'm getting 3 out of 20 from Maine now.

"I think there is a feeling here in Maine that theatre is a bit 'secular.' It has the tinges of deviltry, of evil, of

immorality.

"Maine has left me alone, but also has not given me the intense support I would like. I have individual support, yes, but not as if I had a race track. Sports are a lot more accepted than theatre.

"I sometimes miss the tremendous, intense human contact that is available in the city, but this is a good place to raise kids (there are five still at home). Whenever I want intellectual or theatrical contacts, I can seek them through reading, video tapes, trips to Boston and New York. I don't find that's missing in my life now."

In fact, Montanaro's conversation is anything but lacking in intellectual stimulation as he ruminates on mime.

Mime has come down to us as a silent art form. Not so before the early

part of this century, notes Montanaro, who describes the influence of the French mime on the whole tradition.

"Mime is not the art of silence as so

"Mime is not the art of silence as so many have claimed. It is the art of visual power, the art of movement!"

Montanaro points to the origins of mime in the Greek theatre. Here mime was visual and satirical. It was a "take off" and aping of gestures as well as sounds. Mime was not silent. Montanaro himself will speak during performances and says of this that it is a wise and not a free speaking.

Mime is sometimes seen (even dismissed!) as a children's pastime. Not true, says Montanaro, who takes his art seriously. "Mime is for everyone.

"I choose to imitate the essentiality of things. This makes me a poetic mime. I enjoy abstracting reality and giving a look into things.

"Mime has two sides to it. The first is that mime is imitative. Mime must imitate nature. The second is that mime also editorializes. This is the angle that allows me to be poetic, to offer a vision of life.

"I like to be in front of people, to hold their attention," says Montanaro of himself. "The spectacular appeals to me. Mime is the most total art form for me. It allows for total expression. Mime is one place where a poet can go and have an active poetic experience.

"It's healthy for people to express their selves spontaneously. I like to think that I help people to do that.

"My art has a high public purpose. People with pent-up emotions are dangerous people. Through my work, I like to make people safer to live with, to get people to be even-tempered, balanced."

"I like to let feelings and moods come out. My theatre doesn't offend. I prefer a subtle approach to changing people. If I'm told I'm ugly, I'll resist to the end. But, if I'm helped to understand myself, I'll be grateful."

"No," says Tony Montanaro, "mime is not just for kids."

In the ten years the master of mime has been in Maine, he has developed from a national to an international figure. Says Tony: "I guess people are starting to be convinced that I'm a serious artist."

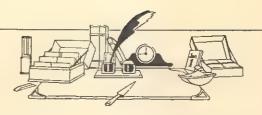
EXILE

Oh, that I might wander just
once more
Where gayly singing brooks tumble
over moss-grown rocks,
Sit awhile in the Summer dusk
In a certain walled garden by the
hollyhocks.
See again the towering pines,
the deep blue lakes
the rocky shores...
Oh, dear Lord, give me Time to see it
all again,
For this is my World; the lovely State
of Maine.

Donald Stone Conway, New Hampshire

Lisbon Falls-based, writer Ledoux and mate Martha are the parents of a son, Maxim Albert Arthur, born on May 23rd to join olde sister Zoe.

WRITE TO US.



We need to know what you think of us. Please take a few minutes today to fill in this questionnaire. It's anonymous. Mail by September 15th.

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		5
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	Please indicate highest level of schooling you have reached thus far:	Č
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	Other:	
12	What is your approximate annual household income? <i>Under</i> \$7,000\$7-10,000\$10-15,000\$15-	25.000
	\$25-50,000 over \$50,000	
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I'VE GOT TO GO FISHING

The brook is singing gladly, and the trout are jumping madly, and I cannot keep my mind upon my work.

So my job is going badly and the boss looks at me sadly, for he doesn't know the reason why I shirk.

I just think and start to dreaming and then I do a little scheming, how I'll catch the one that got away last year.

For he was biggest, and the strongest and he could outwit the longest any lure or fly a fisherman held dear.

I shouldn't be here working for my mind is down there, lurking near the deep hole by that rotten fallen log.

I can see those fins a'flashing and I hear the water splashing. This tedious work's not meant for man or dog.

I'll just get my pole and reel, some bait and my old creel, then I'll hurry to the brook below the mill.



There are trout there just a'waiting for the hook that I'll be baiting, and I see that creel already start to fill.

I just cannot stay here wishing, I have got to go a'fishing; "Hey, boss, I'll work for you another day." This air gives me a headache and this floor sure makes my legs ache

It's no use, to day I've got to get away!

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Celebrating Ten Years of Good Music: Sebago Long Lake Region Chamber Music Festival in North Bridgeon

The name is slightly ponderous and the concept may be considered stuffy, but this chamber music festival is not

what you'd expect.

For a decade now, this group of musicians has been delighting summer audiences with their unusual concerts in the historic Bridgton Academy Chapel. To them, chamber music is "a distillation of all that is finest in the musical thought of Western civilization" and they praise its "clarity, warmth, and emotional

impact."

Though Maine's forest- and lakebordered villages have often been host to sophisticated entertainment over the years, this particular concept had its start with a collaboration of vacationing midwestern musicians. Mostly professors at Indiana's Ball State University, they together purchased property on Harrison's famous Summit Hill in 1968 and moved here initially just to relax. Soon, they felt they wanted to do something musically for Maine. At first, they thought of fixing up an old barn on their property and giving concerts themselves. This idea never really took off, though, as they were still fixing up an ancient small house at the time.

In 1972, a fortuitous meeting with Richard Goldsmith (former headmaster of Bridgton Academy) led them to other musically-inclined people in the area. A modest series of chamber music concerts the following summer was such a success, they eventually incorporated—with a board of local trustees giving them guidance.

Since that time, the festival has been responsible for over 75 concerts in the area, with 80 musicians playing work of 100 composers—from Mozart, Bach, and Beethoven to less traditional composers like Dvorak, Vivaldi, Benjamin Britten, Telemann, Alec

Wilder.

"Variety has been our strong point," insists Homer Pence, Musical Director of the Festival, and professor of bassoon. "We are more than just a string quartet and piano, which sometimes surprises people. We use wind

instruments and singers as well." His wife, Judith Pence, is oboeist with the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra.

Other members of the original Summit Hill Five were: Paul Boyer, flutist, formerly of the New York City Ballet and Opera orchestras; Kay Knight, soprano, who is involved with voice at Ball State and dance at the Muncie, Indiana Civic Ballet Co.; and her husband, Morris Knight, a composer whose opus "Varieties for Flute, Viola, 'Cello" was featured at the July 27th concert.

The Sebago-Long Lake Region Festival, while strongly traditional in its musical selections, seeks also to delight with the unusual combination, or contemporary work. The per-

Schedule



8:00 p.m. Concerts

AUGUST 3

Mozart - Quintet in E-flat Major for Horn and Strings, K. 407 Beethoven - String Quartet in F Minor, Opus 95 A. Cooke - Nocturnes for Soprano, Horn and Piano Brahms - String Quartet in G Major, Opus 111

AUGUST 10

Mozart - Clarinet Trio in E-Flat Major, K.498 "Kegelstatt" Vivaldi - Motetto - "O qui coeli" de Falla - Concerto for Harpsichord, Flute, Oboe Beethoven - Selected Welsh Songs

Ravel - Trio in A Minor for Piano, Violin, 'Cello

> Tickets \$6.00 each Sebago Long Lake C.M.F. P. O. Box 147 North Bridgton, ME 04057

formers have also done a great deal to reach out to the communities around them.

They began a series of concerts at nursing homes and for the handicapped. "We wanted to bring music to the people who don't ordinarily get a chance to hear it," says Mr. Pence. "Wonderful experiences have developed from this."

This year as well, with a grant from the Maine State Commission on the Arts and Humanities, they are reinstating a young persons' program, with pianist Sue Stockwell of Bridgton as program director. There will be a Special Children's Concert on

Thursday, August 5th.

"Maine has done a great deal for us," Mr. Pence stresses. "We wanted to do something to repay it... Now it has grown bigger than us and belongs to the community." So, too, do Homer and Judith Pence, who plan eventually to retire to the handsome log cabin they have now built in Harrison. So, too, do the other musicians, who return year after year.

In 1983, the musical directorship will pass to husband and wife pianist team Frieda and Stephen Manes. Both graduates of Juilliard, they are long-time performers in the Festival. Therefore, they expect to bring continuity as well as new ideas to the concerts.

Other participating artists this year are: David Bellman, oboe; Fred Ehnes, French horn; Audley Green, harpsichord; Carol Rosenblith, soprano; Dennisse Dechario, violin; Eric Rosenblith, violin; Paul Wolfe, violin; Laurie Kennedy, viola; Nancy Brown, viola; and James Kennedy, 'cello.

Bridgton Academy and the Friends of Bridgton have been honored to present the Festival in the Academy Chapel. This year they celebrated the 250th anniversary of Haydn's birth and the 100th anniversary of Stravinsky's with special pieces in July.

If you miss their work this August, be sure to make note of them next summer. Chamber music is not what you expect.

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Admission: \$2.00; Children: \$1,00 Walking Tour of Shaker Village: \$3.50 Group Rates Upon Application "spring goeth all in white." The apple trees were scattering their delicate petals on the ground, dropping them over the stone walls to the roadsides, where in the moist places of the shadows they fell on beds of snowy innocence. Here and there a single tree was tinged with pink, but so faintly, it was as if the white were blushing. Now and then a tiny white butterfly danced in the sun and pearly clouds strayed across the sky in fleecy flocks.

Everywhere the grass was of ethereal greenness, a greenness drenched with the pale yellow of spring sunshine. Looking from earth to sky and from blossom to blossom, the little world of the apple orchards, shedding its falling petals like fair-weather snow, seemed made of alabaster and porcelain, ivory and mother-of-pearl, all shimmering on the background of

tender green.

After you pass Albion village, with its streets shaded by elms and maples and its outskirts embowered in blossoming orchards, you wind along a hilly country road that runs between grassy fields. Here the whiteweed is already budding, and there are pleasant pastures dotted with rocks and fringed with spruce and fir; stretches of woodland, too, where the road is lined with giant pines and you lift your face gratefully to catch the cool balsam breath of the forest. Coming from out this splendid shade, this silence too deep to be disturbed by light breezes or vagrant winds, you find yourself on the brow of a descending hill. The first thing that strikes the eye is a lake that might be a great blue sapphire dropped in the verdant hollow where it lies. When the eye reluctantly leaves the lake on the left, it turns to rest upon the little Shaker Settlement on the right-a dozen or so large comfortable white barns, sheds, and houses, standing in the wide orderly spaces of their own spreading acres of farm and timber land. There again the spring goeth all in white, for there is no spot to fleck the dazzling quality of Shaker paint. and their apple, plum, and pear trees are so well cared for that the snowy

blossoms are fairly hiding th branches.

The place is very still, although there are signs of labor in all direc tions. From a window of the girls building, a quaint little gray-clad fig ure is beating a braided rug; a boy in homespun, with his hair slightly long in the back and cut in a straight line across the forehead, is carrying milk cans from the dairy to one of the Sis ters' Houses. Men in broad-brimmed hats, with clean-shaven, ascetic faces are plowing or harrowing here and there in the fields, while a group of Sisters is busy setting out plants and vines in some beds near a cluster of noble trees. That cluster of trees, did the eye of the stranger realize it, was the very starting-point of this Shaker Community, for in the year 1785, the valiant Father James Whittaker, one of Mother Ann's earliest English converts, stopped near the village of Albion on his first visit to Maine. As he and his Elders alighted from their horses, they stuck into the ground the willow withes they had used as riding whips and now, a hundred years later, the trees that had grown from these slender branches were nearly three feet in diameter.

From whatever angle you look upon the Settlement, the first and strongest impression is of quiet order, harmony, and a kind of austere plenty. Nowhere is the purity of spring so apparent. Nothing is out of place; nowhere is any confusion, or appearance of loose ends, or neglected tasks. As you come nearer, you feel the more surely that here there has never been any undue haste nor waste; no shirking, no putting off til the morrow what should have been done today . . .

To such a spot as this might any tired or sinful heart come for rest; hoping somehow, in the midst of such frugality and thrift, such self-denying labor, such temperate use of God's good gifts, such shining cleanliness of outward things, to regain and wear "the white flower of a blameless life."

The very air of the place breathed peace, so thought Susanna Hathaway; and little Sue, who skipped by her

Susanna and Sue by Kate Douglas Wiggin

side, thought nothing at all save that she was with mother in the country: that it had been rather a sad journey, with mother so quiet and pale, and that she would be very glad to see supper, should it rise like a fairy banquet in the midst of these strange surroundings.

It was only a mile and a half from the railway station to the Shaker Settlement, and Susanna knew the road well, for she had driven over it more

than once as child and girl. A boy would bring the little trunk that contained their simple necessities later on in the evening, so she and Sue would knock at the door of the house where visitors were admitted, and be undisturbed by any gossiping company while they were pleading their case.

"Are we most there. Mardie?" asked Sue for the twentieth time. "Look at me, a butterfly, or perhaps a white pigeon.

No, I'd rather be a butterfly, and then I can skim along faster and move my wings!"

The airy little figure, all lightness and brightness, danced along the road, the white cotton dress rising and falling, the white-stockinged legs very much in evidence, the arms outstretched as if in flight, straw hat falling off yellow hair, and a little wisp of swansdown scarf floating out behind like that of a baby Mercury.

"We are almost there." her mother answered. "You can see the buildings now, if you will stop being a butterfly. Don't you like them.'

"Yes, I 'specially like them all so white. Is it a town, Mardie?"

"It is a village, but not quite like other villages. I have told you often about the Shaker Settlement, where your grandmother brought me once when I was just your age. There was a thunderstorm; they kept us all night and were so kind I never forgot them. Then your grandmother and I stopped once when we were going to Boston. I

was ten then, and I remember more about it. The same sweet Elderess was there both times." "What is an El-der-ess, Mardie?" "A kind of everybody's mother, she seemed to be," Susanna responded, with a catch in her breath. "I'd 'specially like her; will she be

"Do you remember the little Nelson Girl and her mother?" Illustration by Alice Barber Stephens

there now, Mardie?"

"I'm hoping so, but it is eighteen years ago. I was ten and she was about forty, I should think."

"Then o'course she'll be dead," said Sue, "or else she'll have no teeth or hair."

"People don't always die before they are sixty, Sue."

"Do they die when they want to or when they must?"

"Always when they must; never, never when they want to," answered Sue's mother.

"But o'course they would n't ever want to if they had any little girls to be togedder with, like you and me, Mardie?" And Sue looked up with eyes that were always like two interrogation points, eager by turns and by turns wistful, but never satisfied.

"No," Susanna replied, brokenly. "Of course they would n't, unless sometimes they were wicked for a minute or two and forgot."

"Do Shakers shake all the time, Mardie, or just once in a while? And shall I see them do it?"

"Sue, dear, I can't explain everything in the world to you while you are so little; you really must wait until you're more grown up. The Shakers don't shake and the Quakers don't quake, and when you're older I'll try to make you understand why they were

called so and why they kept the name.'

"Maybe the Elder-ess can make me understand, right off now; I'd 'specially likeit." And Sueran breathlessly along to the gate where the North Family House stood in its stately, white-andgreen austerity.

Susanna followed. and as she caught up with the impetuous Sue, the front door of the house opened and a figure appeared on the threshold . . .

Elderess Abby (for it was Elderess Abby) had indeed survived the heavy weight of her fifty-five or sixty summers, and looked as if she might reach a yet greater age. She wore the simple Shaker afternoon dress of drab alpaca; an irreproachable muslin surplice encircled her straight, spare shoulders, while her hair was almost entirely concealed by the stiffly-wired, transparent white-net cap that served as a frame to the tranquil face. The face itself was a network of delicate, fine wrinkles; but every wrinkle must have been as lovely in God's sight as it was in poor unhappy Susanna Hathaway's. Some of them were graven by self-denial and hard work; others perhaps meant the giving up of home, of parents and brothers or sisters; perhaps some worldly love. the love that Father Adam had bequeathed to the human family, had

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YOUR "HARVEST HEADQUARTERS"

been slain in Abby's youth, and the scars still remained to show the body's suffering and the spirit's triumph. At all events, whatever foe had menaced her purity or her tranquility had been conquered, and she exhaled serenity as the rose sheds fragrance.

"Do you remember the little Nelson girl and her mother that stayed here all night, years ago?" asked Susanna,

putting out her hand timidly.

"Why, it seems to me I do," assented Elderess Abby, genially. "So many comes and goes it's hard to remember all. Did n't vou come once in a thunderstorm?"

"Yes, one of your barns was struck by lightning and we sat up all night."

"Yea, yea, I remember well! Your mother was a beautiful spirit. I could n't forget her."

"And we came once again, mother and I, and spent the afternoon with you, and went strawberrying in the pasture."

"Yea, yea, so we did; I hope your

mother continues in health."

"She died the very next year," Susanna answered in trembling voice, for the time of explanation was at hand and her heart failed her.

"Won't you come into the sitting room and rest a while? You must be tired walking from the deepot."

"No, thank you, not just yet. I'll step into the front entry a minute— Sue, run and sit in that rocking chair on the porch and watch the cows going into the big barn-Do you remember, Elderess Abby, the second time I came, how you sat me down in the kitchen with a bowl of wild strawberries to hull for supper? They were very small and ripe; I did my best, for I never meant to be careless, but the bowl slipped and fell-my legs were too short to reach the floor, and I could n't make a lap-so, in trying to pick up the berries I spilled juice on my dress and the white apron you had tied on for me. Then my fingers were stained and wet and the hulls kept falling in with the soft berries, and when you came in and saw me you held up your hands and said, 'Dear, dear, you have made a mess of your work!' Oh, Elderess Abby, they've come back to me all day, those words. I've tried to be good, but somehow I've made just such a mess of my life as I made of hulling the berries. The bowl is broken, I have n't much fruit to show, and I am all stained and draggled. I should n't have come to Albion on the five o'clock train—that was an accident: I meant to come at noon, when you could turn me away if you wanted to."

"Nay, that is not the Shaker habit," remonstrated Abby. "You and the child can sleep in one of the spare chambers at the Office Building and be welcome."

"But I want so much more than that," said Susanna tearfully, "I want to come and live here, where there is no marrying nor giving in marriage. I am so tired with my disappointments and discouragements and failures that it is no use to try any longer. I am Mrs. Hathaway, and Sue is my child, but I have left my husband for good and all, and I only want to spend the rest of my days here in peace and bring up Sue to a more tranquil life than I have ever had. I have a little money, so that I shall not be a burden to you, and I will work from morning to night at any task you set me."

"I will talk to the Family," said Elderess Abby gravely; "but there are a good many things to settle before we can say yea to all you ask."

"Let me confess everything freely and fully," pleaded Susanna, "and if you think I'm to blame, I will go away

"Nay, there is no time for that. It is our duty to receive all and try all; then if you should be gathered in, you would unburden your heart to God through the Sister appointed to receive your confession."

"Will Sue have to sleep in the children's building away from me?"

"Nay, not now; you are company, not a Shaker, and anyway, you could keep the child with you until she is a little older; that's not forbidden at first, though there comes a time when the ties of the flesh must be broken! All you've got to do now's to be 'pure and peacable, gentle, easy to be entreated, and without hypocrisy.' That's about all there is to the Shaker creed and that's enough to keep us all busy."

Sue ran in from the porch excitedly and caught her mother's hand.

"The cows have all gone into the barn," she chattered; "and the Shaker gentlemen are milking them, and not one of them is shaking the least bit, for I 'specially noticed; and I looked in through the porch window, and there is a nice supper on the table—bread and butter and milk and dried-apple sauce and gingerbread and cottage cheese. Is it for us, Mardie?"

"Susanna's lip was trembling and her face was pale. She lifted her swimming eyes to the Sister's and asked, "Is it for us, Eldress Abby?"

"Yea, it's for you," she answered. "There's always a Shaker supper on the table for all who want to leave the husks and share the feast. Come right in and help yourself. I will sit down with you."

Continued next month







QUILTING IS QUMFORTING

by Lorraine Greig

A quilt with several historical landmarks of Hartford, Maine emerged after twenty-six 12x12" squares were solicited throughout the community. Then a handful of imaginative ladies sat down to a quilting table with needles in hand to finish the project with precise detail.

With only forty-four words, it sounds like a breeze; however, either to applique, crewel stitch, or embroider twenty-six squares into a completed design took eight months. The quilt anatomy involves the back, interlining, and the top, which first has to be assembled with choice trim material and basic ingenuity to balance the squares completely.

The three layers are basted completely; then rolled onto the bars of a quilting frame for the final step of quilting. This is an art which, done properly, takes six to eight persons' dexterous hands, approximately four to six hours, two times a week. A quilting bee is a must to achieve good workmanship in a short span of time. Many thanks are attributed to the makers of the Hartford Heritage Quilt: Marge Pettengill, our leader, Genesta Brown, Beulah Brown, Mary Houlihan, Chris Weisse, Yvonne Bragg, Dot Parsons, Ruth Grimm, and Mary Chamberlain-who at the ripe age of 83 tested her first skill at quilting and commented, "I guess you're never too old to learn."

We recognized the artistic abilities of Betsy Dunn, Hartford, and Ruth Scott of Buckfield. Without their cooperation we would still be on the drawing table.

Tales were related of "yesteryear"—such as how the bitter winds breached the drafty houses of early Maine colonists. In order to protect their sleeping families from the cold, women of those years sewed colorful quilts for bedding.

They saved every piece of cloth in a scrap bag, traded with other women for new colors and textures, and recycled former rags into sometimes ordinary, sometimes fantastic creations. In every home, women salvaged small pieces of material and sewed them together in random "crazy quilt" patterns. Many were made of a primitive cloth called linsey-woolsey. Early quilts most often found in Maine were of the simple nine-patch and log cabin patterns; they were padded with wool batting or even burlap bags.

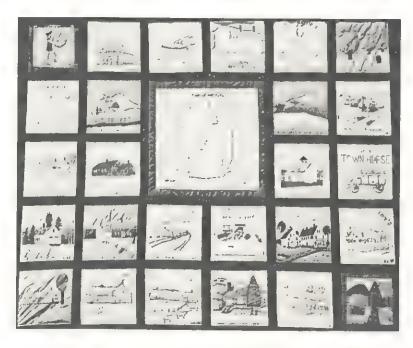
At first, quilts were made of necessity. England forbade the colonists from producing yard goods.

From 1800 to 1820 the Industrial Revolution swept America, bringing change. As looms improved, production increased, and cloth was produced in all sizes, colors, and fabrics. For the first time, full-sized blankets were no longer beyond the means of most families.

The Victorian period brought the crazy-quilt pattern back, this time in the form of smaller covers made of very expensive silk or velvet. These were made to be admired, not used.

Quite often the wives would stop off at a neighbor's house to quilt and visit while the husband continued with his horse and buggy to purchase grain, cloth, and groceries at the local general store.

Dating a quilt is always an intriguing process, depending upon the clues the quilt itself supplies. Begin by examining the textiles used to make the quilt. The overall condition of such a bedcovering will not serve as a reliable index of its age for several reasons: the first being that a "best" quilt is often relatively unworn, having spent much of its possibly long life neatly folded in a blanket chest. On the other hand, an everyday quilt may have received hard use for all of its few years and show much wear. Tied quilts, in which the layers of fabric were held together with knots rather than quilting, were likely to be saved for showpieces. Remember that quilts were often pieced from scraps of old, threadbare clothing, so it is best not to try to judge the age of a quilt from the worn appearance of its individual patches. And always date a quilt by its newest fabrics, for cloth



The first Hartford Heritage Society Quilt

was sometimes saved for years before being sewn into a counterpane. Once in a blue moon, a quilt will be signed by its maker, or dated, or both. This signature may be embroidered onto the front or back of the quilt, corded into the quilting, signed on the fabric with ink, or even stitched into the overall pattern of the quilting and invisible without careful searching.

Collecting quilts has become as much a part of the antique world as the amassing of rare coins or rooms full of Chippendale furniture. Because quilts are a part of our earliest heritage, reflecting a tradition of careful workmanship and individual design that dates back to the first American settlers, they have found a recurrent welcome in our hearts and in our time.

Prior to 1830, a variety of homemade inks were used in the signing of quilts, and often, because this ink contained rusted iron "to make it lasting," it will have faded or corroded the fabric on which it was signed. After 1830, indelible inks were available in this country.

In the late 19th century, it was fashionable to embroider the quilt-maker's name on the quilt, using strands of human hair for embroidery floss. This is essentially how the Hartford Heritage Society has dated its 1980 quilt. This historical picture book tells a great deal of Hartford's Heritage and dates of events.

Appreciation for the group who shouldered the burden of the "busy work" of quilting and who enabled us to display this quilt in the J. & O. Irish Store Museum has been exhibited by pleasant comments and admiration expressed by the general public.

Again in 1981 the Hartford Heritage Quilters were found assembling yet another quilt of historical designs for display in the museum.

There is a post card of the 1980 quilt available for 25¢ at the Museum, and there are two booklets: 1980 Quilt and 1981 Quilt, depicting the significance of each square and its maker and designer. Price \$2.00.

Mrs. Greig, in addition to a busy schedule of family, nursing home duties, cattle raising, and writing of Hartford history, was also one of the dedicated quiltmakers of her town.



There's going to be something old and something new at the Matolcsy Art Center gallery on Main Street, Norway, this summer. The Western Maine Art Group is sponsoring a show of antique heirlooms and original creations from the Pine Tree Quilters—an innovation for the center.

Based in South Paris, the Pine Tree Quilters are a good-sized group of people from a wide geographical area who have been meeting weekly since 1978 at the home of Louise Huff to work on quilting of all kinds: wall hangings, quilts, pillows, toys, sewing boxes, clothing, bags, placemats, etc. They explore creative varieties such as Amish or Hawaiian styles as well as traditional New England patterns; they also invent their own designs.

As in so many similar groups across the state, anyone is welcome. There are quilters of all ages (up to the 90's!) who participate—skill and experience are not necessary to join. The group members demonstrate different techniques, answer questions, and

work together. All will be exhibiting.

Member Anita Cook says that retired home economics teacher Louise Huffis the backbone of the group: "She's good for the community. She puts an ad in the paper inviting people and you don't have to

have experience. Louise has taught me so much. It's important to keep learning; it's important

to create and keep busy."

Don't miss this stunning

Don't miss this stunning show. You will be impressed!

Pine Tree Quilters
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PHOTOS: (top) Barbara Swan Frost, co-chairman of the quilt show; (middle) left to right, Jan Long and Carole Shuttle, group president; (bottom) Anita Twitchell Cook, co-chairman of the quilt show.

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It used to be, if you survived, you ate whole foods-a century ago they didn't come any other way. But, like so many other things, industry moved into the food business and now, to eat a nutritionally-sound diet, you have to make a special effort.

Why "whole" foods? Because there's a balance between calories, nutrients. and fiber in an unrefined food. Whole foods contain all we need; refining discards part-such as taking away the hull and germ of grain to leave only the starchy kernel; or removing the oil from plants like soybean or sunflower. and washing away the nutrients in the process. Even supplementing our diet with pills and extracts cannot quite make up for what is lost. How much better to use the food the way it comes.

The National Academy of Science last month announced that they believed there was a link between the food Americans eat and their high rate of cancer. They recommended more raw vegetables and fruits, more whole grains, less fat and smoked foods.

But it is not enough simply to want to eat better. The most-often asked questions where "healthy" food is sold are: what is it, and how do I use it?

Regularly, in this column, we will be giving you tips for a healthy, delicious diet.

Tofu

Tofu is a white soybean cheese or soybean curd. Sounds unappetizing? In reality, tofu is a good source of lowfat, non-animal protein which takes on the flavor of whatever it is cooked with. (See BitterSweet, May, 1981.)

Tofu Lasagna

Whole wheat lasagna noodles 2-1 2 cups tomato sauce

4 cakes tofu

4 eggs

2 Tbsp. oregano

1 2 tsp. basil

1-3 4 cups Mozzarella cheese

1 4 cup grated Parmesan

Crumble basil, mix with eggs, oregano, and basil. Beginning with 1 cup sauce, layer in a 9x13" pan noodles, tofu mixture, and sauce, alternately. Top with sauce and the cheeses. Bake at 375°F for 30 minutes.

Bulgur

Bulgur is parboiled red wheat and can be used in any recipe that calls for cracked wheat. It is high in phosphorus and potassium, has traces of many other nutrients, and a nutty flavor. To prepare: rinse in cold water, drain well.

Tabouli Bulgur Salad

1-1/2 cups cracked or bulgur wheat 3 cups vegetable stock or water

1 tsp. salt & pepper to taste

2 tomatoes, chopped

3 Tbsp. oil

1 onion, chopped

2 tsp. chopped mint 1/4 cup chopped parsley

Boil water or stock with salt added. Add wheat slowly, stirring constantly. Keep boiling five minutes-do not stir often as it will turn to mush. Remove from heat, cover and set aside (1 hr. for bulgur, 2 hrs. for cracked wheat). Drain, chill, toss in all remaining ingredients, season and serve on a bed of lettuce. (Serves 6.)

Vegetables & Fruit

Of course, the best things of all for us are those grown in our own climate, and fresh-picked. All of the good things remain to help us stay healthy.

Cold Cucumber Soup

3 cucumbers, peeled & de-seeded 1 onion & 1 garlic clove, minced fine (or 1 4 tsp. garlic powder)

5 cups plain vogurt

1 tsp. oil

4 tsp. dill

1 tsp salt & pepper to taste

Chop cucumbers with onion and garlic. Blend in a food processor or blender with half the yogurt and all of the seasonings and oil, Divide mixture. Blend the rest of the yogurt into half the cucumber mixture; combine and chill. Makes 6 cups.



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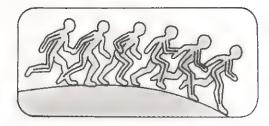
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Medicine For The Hills

by Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.

MIGRAINE HEADACHE And Other Vascular Headaches

Migraine is a syndrome, or constellation of symptoms, one of which is headache. The syndrome of migraine commonly begins in childhood and, curiously, may not include headache as a first symptom. Episodic abdominal pains associated with vomiting, dizziness, and a tendency to severe motion sickness are common childhood features of the migraine syndrome. The typical episodic migraine headaches may begin later, during the teenage years.

Migraine is exceedingly common, and yet varies tremendously from individual to individual in severity of pain. Patients with migraine may have only one attack per year, or, in a few cases, a severe disabling headache daily. About one person in four suffers from migraine of some sort—women more often than men. They occur most commonly between the ages of twenty and thirty-five, gradually declining thereafter. There is usually a strong family history of migraine as well.

High blood pressure and consequent higher risk of heart attack or early death seem more common in migraine sufferers. There is also an increased evidence of stroke in young adults with severe migraine; for this reason, the use of birth control pills in young women with severe migraine is unwise.

There are various types of migraine headache, each with a characteristic set of symptoms. Classic migraine most commonly begins with visual and sensory disturbances preceding the headache. Visual disturbances may include spots before the eyes. hazy or shimmering vision, and, in severe cases, blindness of one-half of the visual field. A patient may also experience a tingling of the face (especially around the mouth) or in the arms about thirty minutes before the headache starts. A migraine is a throbbing, pulsating type of headache, typically starting in one side of the head and occasionally spreading to the

entire head. There may also be nausea and vomiting—in some cases the vomiting may relieve the headache, which usually subsides within six hours.

Common migraine differs from classic in that the headache lasts much longer, often for days. With common migraine, there is usually no prodrome (warning symptoms). Usually a person with this type awakens with the headache, which then intensifies during the day, driving the patient to bed in a darkened, quiet room. Attacks can occasionally last for days with a waxing and waning of the headache and with associated nausea, vomiting, and lack of appetite. Factors known to produce an attack sleeping late, weather change, job pressure, social and emotional trauma-may all stimulate a migraine headache; as may excess alcohol, skipping meals, menstruation, and some foods (especially chocolate).

A small percentage of patients with migraine have other disturbances of brain function before the onset of an actual headache. Vertigo, or a sensation of spinning or moving, together with tinnitus, or ringing in the ears, may precede certain types of migraine. Vision may become blurred or doubled. and the patient may have trouble speaking and maintaining balance. With this type of prodrome, the migraine headache is usually felt at the back of the head-still typically throbbing and pulsating, as opposed to the dull, steady pain of tension headache. which may be felt in the same area.

During any type of migraine attack, another source of pain may be a sustained contraction of the head and neck muscles; this muscle spasm may persist even though the actual headache subsides. Migraine lowers the pain threshold of the scalp tissues, making them exceedingly pain-sensitive, often for many hours after the headache subsides. Motion, a bumpy car ride, coughing, sneezing, loud

noises, sometimes even touching one's scalp, all may aggravate the pain.

Treatment of migraine must include dealing with predisposing factors, such as fatigue, diet, alcohol consumption—as well as patients' concerns about more serious disease, such as brain tumor.

The mainstay of drug therapy is still ergotamine-most successful if taken during the prodrome or in anticipation rather than after the headache starts. Obviously, patients with classic migraine fare better with this form of prophylactic treatment. Ergotamine may be taken on a daily basis for two or three months, with a month off all medication to prevent serious side-effects. This treatment may be successful in preventing actual migraine headache. Methysergide (Sansert) also has a role in treating migraine. The side-effects, though rare, can be devastating, and have kept me from ever prescribing the drug.

New drugs have had trials in treating migraine and are sometimes successful. These drugs, including propranolol, prednisone, indomethicine, cyproheptadine, and amitriptylene, are less toxic and easier to use than ergotamine or methysergide and are worth a try.

Cluster headache is also a vascular headache that differs from migraine in many ways. It does not begin until the thirties or forties and does not become severe until middle age. Men are much more commonly affected with cluster headaches than women (whereas the reverse is true of migraine). Attacks of cluster headaches, in bunches or clusters from one to several times a day for a period of several days are then followed by long periods without headache. Sometimes there is a seasonal pattern to the headache clusters. The cycle can be repeated over many years with progressively longer periods of headache and shorter periods between attacks.

Almost always the attack of cluster headache occurs during the night and

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Kitchen & Bath Designs awakens the patient from sleep. The attacks are always on one side of the face, and during a group of attacks. the same side is always affected. Initially, the headache is felt as discomfort behind the eve, and then it becomes an intense, boring pain, spreading to the temple and reaching peak intensity in about half an hour. The pain subsides after about one to two hours, but only after an incredibly painful experience. Patients describe the pain as the most intense they have ever experienced, and many pace about, consuming large amounts of pain pills and applying compresses without obtaining relief. In addition to the severe pain, the nose becomes congested, the eye runs, the face flushes, and agitation increases. It bears emphasis that the pain of cluster headache is severe—equal to the pain of colic of a kidney stone (far more severe than the pain of bone cancer, for example, or of active labor during delivery of a baby). It is truly disabling.

Unfortunately, treatment of cluster headache is less successful than that of migraine. Ergotamine and methysergide should be tried, and will obtain some relief. Occasionally, a patient may respond dramatically to indomethcine, and I have one such patient who has so improved. It is important simply to know that cluster headache as a disease entity does exist—the typical syndrome is easily diagnosed when suspected. The problem with cluster headache is that it is also confused with dental or sinus problems, and patients suffering from cluster headache commonly may have dental extractions, sinus operations, and other inappropriate surgical procedures done in an attempt to relieve the pain.

There is one other type of headache. the pain of which stems from a disorder of the blood vessles in the headhence a vascular type. This is the headache related to high blood pressure. It used to be thought that patients had headaches from the elevated blood pressure in direct proportion to the degree of elevation. This is no longer held to be true. It has been observed that people who are hypertensive or suffer from high blood pressure have an increased frequency of headaches, but it is also true that emotional tension and stress can bring on both high blood pressure and a tendency to tension headaches. Tension headaches related to stress and emotional trauma may not be related to any rise in blood pressure. It is safe to say now that blood pressure-caused headaches happen only in the rare occurrance of an acute hypertensive crisis or severe elevation of blood pressure, causing a severe, generalized, pulsation-type of headache as well as mental confusion and blurred vision. This condition is no indication of the status of a person's blood pressure—the patient cannot "tell" when his blood pressure is up by whether or not he has a headache.







In the concluding article on headache in next month's column, we shall discuss tension headache, hangover headache, the Chinese restaurant syndrome, nasal and sinus headaches, dental pain and tic doloreaux, pain originating from the ear, and headache originating from disturbances of the eye. We shall then summarize the articles on headache by reviewing certain important considerations in diagnosing the cause of headache.



Perennial Point of View by Nancy Marcotte

The Terrys have imagination. It's what makes them interesting. They have always been musicians—no one would doubt it, having seen Peter & M'Lou play the leads in Fiddler On The Roof oh-so-many (8) years ago in Norway; or last year in a variety show, with M'Lou on the piano and Peter playing Gershwin. But they are farmers, too, and so, M'Lou says, music has "taken a back seat."

Perennial Point of View is their imaginative business. It's out on a narrow lane off Route 37 between North Bridgton and Bridgton where they moved a few years ago from Harrison. It didn't start out that way, though they've always grown things.

"We moved out here to this funny little 'witches' house'," says Mrs. Terry, "and when we mowed the field, up popped iris and phlox and poppies." It was rather ordained that she begin raising perennials, or so it seemed. Then she kept adding things: a few new plants, a propagating room, a small green house. Perennial Point of View just began to evolve. Soon she was selling perennials.

This year came the biggest step of all—a whole, new, big greenhouse and the addition of annuals. Actually,

the greenhouse is only new to the Terrys—it was previously owned by a Cummings family. Peter and M'Lou moved it and set it up on their property; and along with it came Mrs. Cummings' geranium and fuschia customers.

M'Lou isn't really satisfied yet, though. She has other things in mind now: more shade and natural ventilation; better parking; a nursery on the rolling hill pasture; a whole field for shrubs and perennials down the road. The Terrys already have a greenhouse on the southern side of their old gabled farmhouse ("and it really heats it up"). Next on the agenda will be a 2-story greenhouse on the barn for a winter plant shop and to help heat Peter's shop. There's a non-bearing apricot tree there now. M'Lou would build it into the greenhouse and see if fruit will grow.

Her imagination leaps forward. So does Peter's. He's a builder, a designer, constructing energy-efficient structures for people here and there, in addition to doing the heavy work on their place. Theirs is a universal kind of relationship, like their Ba'hai religion. It encompasses an extended family—one of their daughters and

M'Lou's mother also live and work there. It encompasses nature. They grow organically and encourage others to do the same by selling kelp, fish meal, rock phosphate. Imported ladybugs do a good job controlling insects.

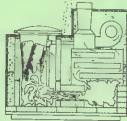
M'Lou Terry

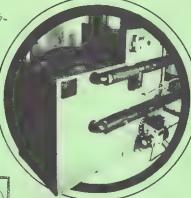


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This bigger operation is more work, but M'Lou doesn't mind. "It's fun. We try to have some different things, not just the ordinary." Like watermelon, pepperonia, luscious lemon basil. There's an ever-enlarging herb bed at Perennial Point of View. M'Lou's herb tea mixture sells at Great Expectations in the Harrison Block. She experiments with things, like growing a hill of potatoes in a tire. Imagination!

Imagination lights up the surrounding, too. Their office "headquarters" is a small building which was once the Blacksmith Shop (moved here from town) where, supposedly, the first automobile ever built was assembled, before being sold to the Stanley Brothers of Kingfield.

It's a location romantically overflowing with flowerbedecked stone walls, fruit trees, rail fences, red-and-pink filled windowboxes, a cat, a dog, and handcarved wooden signs.

It keeps growing, led by M'Lou Terry, with her hands in the dirt and a song in her heart. "Nature is so incredible, if you just work with her," she says. "There's so much you can do!"





After Gypsy Moths: What?

Practical Tips To Help Save Your Trees by Margaret Harriman



The Gypsy Moth infestation is a problem which concerns many of us. While a great deal has been written about spraying, traps, strips of aluminum, and so on, not much has been said relating to what can be done about the after-effects of damage to the trees and shrubs,

I am by no means an expert in the field of damaged trees due to Gypsy Moths. I am concerned, however, and am sure that a good fertilizer program makes sense. Having done a great deal of research on this, and having talked with people who know a lot more than I do. I will share with you the knowledge that I have gained. Perhaps together we can save many of them.

I have seen people cut their trees down in despair; while others totally ignore them, feeling that all was lost and nothing could be done. Please, before you do either of these, at least try to save your trees. They take so many years to grow, and how can one replace a 50-foot friend?

A healthy body, when illness strikes, has the stamina to hold up and survive. An already-weak body cannot tolerate the added drain of illness and will die. So it is with every living thing.

The leaves of a tree are its food factory: when the leaves are damaged or destroyed, the factory has been shut down and the tree will starve and die. The feeder roots extend out from the trunk to what is called the drip-edge of the tree-as far out at least as the edge of the branches. These roots absorb moisture and dissolved mineral nutrients from the soil, helping in the food process for the leaves.

You can help by fertilizing your trees, shrubs, and bushes. While this

cannot possibly save all of them, you can concentrate on your lawn, shade, and ornamental trees and do your utmost to assist them.

To help in understanding and choosing a fertilizer, I would like to explain that when a fertilizer contains Nitrogen, Phosphorus, and Potash, it is called a complete fertilizer; when only one or two of these elements are included, it is an incomplete fertilizer. The law requires that all fertilizers sold be clearly labelled with an analysis giving the percentages of nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and potash—as in 10-6-4. These figures always appear on the containers in the same order. If one of the three elements is missing, then a zero appears in its place-as in 5-0-10, for instance.

There are several methods of fertilizing and you must decide what is

Page 34 . . .

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Goings On

MIME

CELEBRATION MIME THEATRE: presenting a show every Friday night through the summer at the Stockfarm Road (follow the signs off Rte. 117 between South Paris and Buckfield). Admission is \$3.00 adults, \$1.50 children; show at 8:00. For more information, call 743-8452.

ART

QUILT SHOW: by Norway-South Paris Pine Needles Quilters at the Lajos Matolcsy Art Center, 265 Main St., Norway, August 3-14. Door prize, sales items, free admission (Donations to the art center welcomed.) Old & new, large & small quilted items. Hostess on hand for conversation and information about quilting. For more information, see page 29 of this issue.

PAINTINGS BY HELEN MORTON: At the Matolcsy Center, 265 Main St., Norway, August 17-Sept. 24. Gallery hrs. Tues.-Sat. 9-5.

AT THE FARNSWORTH MUSEUM: Indiana's Indianas: A 20 Year Retrospective, Main and Hadlock Galleries, through Sept.

26, Rockland. Beginning Oct. 1: N. C. Wyeth in Maine; Annual Salon Exhibition of Knox County Camera Club.

NEW AMERICAN ART MUSEUMS: Drawings, plans, renderings & photographs by Henry Nichols Cobb, Design Partner, I. M. Pei & Partners for the Charles Shipman Payson Building of the Portland Museum of Art (currently under construction) is on display as part of a special exhibition at the Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at Seventy-Fifth St., New York, through Oct. 10.

THE JOAN WHITNEY PAYSON GAL-LERY OF ART: at Westbrook College. Regular collection contains work by Chagall, Courbet, Daumier, Degas, Gauguin, Homer, Ingres, Renoir, Rousseau, Sargent, van Gogh, Whistler, N. C. Wyeth, and more; plus frequently-changing new shows.

SUMMER FAIRS

August 7, SOUTH PARIS: Craft Fair & Flea Market, sponsored by Norway-Paris Business & Professional Women's Club, at the Park (opposite So. Paris Post Office on Rte. 26), 10-2. (Rain date Aug. 14.)

August 7, NORWAY: Annual Fair at Christ Church, corner of Paris & Green Streets, 10-2. Baked goods, crafts, luncheon, entertainment. August 7, 14, 28, NAPLES: Food, Arts & Crafts Sale, sponsored by Naples Business Association, on the Village Green.

August 8, 22, NAPLES: Band Concerts at 6:00 on the Village Green.

August 14, Market Place '82, NORWAY Universalist Church on Main Street, Saturday 10-2. Food, crafts, aprons, plants, collectibles, Christmas items, grab bag. Chances on a handmade quilt. Luncheon from 11:30 to 1 at nominal cost.

August 21, LOVELL: Maine Arts & Artisans Fair, on the Library Lawn, 11-4.

ETC.

POLAND SPRING PRESERVATION SOCIETY: Two concerts, admission free (donations accepted). Mon. Aug. 2, Crystal Thorpe singing Broadway Show Tunes, at the State of Maine Building, 7:30 p.m. Mon., Aug. 16, Jonathan Whitmore, organ concert, All Souls Chapel, 7:30 p.m.

SEBAGO—LONG LAKE REGION CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL: See page 23 for details.

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Page 36 ...



Waterford

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Heading Out

Exploring The Scarborough Marsh

Marshlands have come in for a great deal of attention in recent years—once the fact became known that they are invaluable breeding grounds for our flora and fauna. There are many inland bogs and treeless marshes throughout Maine; more rare, though, on our rocky, overdeveloped, land-filled coast, are salt-water marshes

One of the largest is within a short driving distance of anywhere in south western Maine. A wildlife management area of the Maine Department of Inland Fisheries and Wildlife, it is the Scarborough Marsh—3000 acres of grass, water, and mud. It is the summertime home of birds without number: egrets, ibis, herons, terns, willets, sandpipers, plovers, sparrows, swallows, many varieties of duck, and thousands of white Canadian snow geese.



Marsh grasses include many edible varieties such as plantain, orach, bayberry, and seaweed; as well as colorful sea lavender, goldenrod and other wildflowers. Salt hay and cordgrass also help trap sediment from the ebbing and flowing of salt tides and the runoff of fresh inland waters. Here in the marsh, in addition to refuge for wildlife, there is an ongoing ecosystem of organisms and life-support functions that nurture most of our commercial fish and shellfish, as well as buffering the coastline and protecting it from erosion.

There is much to be seen and studied in the protected natural environment. The Maine Audubon Society offers plenty of opportunity to do so, with their Nature Center and many programs at the Scarborough Marsh. You don't have to be a photographer or a naturalist to appreciate the beauty and value of the salt-water marsh.

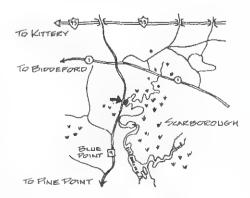
The Society offers group tours and canoe rentals (\$5/hour; \$15/half-day), as well as specialized functions at differing rates. For instance, bird walks cost \$2/non-member; \$1/member. A study of wildflowers and edible plants is \$2/non-member; \$1/member. There are discovery-oriented activities for young children (\$1 ea.) and nature lessons for the whole family (\$2/\$1), in addition to a Nature Store, Exhibits, a Slide Show, and an Observation Deck.

The schedule through August 31st

Sunday (all day), Exhibits, Slide Shows, Canoe Rentals and Nature Store; Monday Closed; Tuesday Group Tours by reservation; Wednesday Dawn Canoe Tour, 7-8:30 a.m., Wildflowers & Edible Marsh Plants. 3:30-5:00 p.m.; Dusk Bird Walk 6-7:30 p.m.: Thursday Canoe Tour 10-11:30 a.m., Family Marsh Exploration 3:30-5:00 p.m., Dusk Canoe Tour 6-7:30 p.m.: Friday Especially for Children 10-11:30 a.m., Wildflowers & Edible Marsh Plants 3:30-5:00 p.m., Dusk Canoe Tour 6-7:30 p.m.; Saturday Dawn Bird Walk, 7-8:30 a.m., Canoe Tour 10-11:30 a.m., Family Marsh Exploration 3:30-5:00 p.m.

Open Tuesday-Sunday 10-6; closed Monday. Dress for cool ocean breezes. No bathroom facilities. Phone: (207) 883-5100 for more information. Pine Point Road, Scarborough.

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... Page g Save Your Trees

best, more more available for you.

(1) Granular: For the more healthy trees. A slow-release, high-nitrogen 10-6-4 fertilizer, applied well out under the drip-edge of the tree. Using a crow-bar, poke holes in the ground 18 inches deep and two-and-a-half to three feet apart, pour fertilizer into holes to within 3-4 inches of the surface; cover with soil. This method takes about a month to start working. A word of caution: fertilizer will burn the lawns and grasses if coming into direct contact with them, so don't just spread it on the surface.

(2) For trees defoliated or injured in other ways, use a liquid, quick-acting program of fertilizing. Use 20-20-20 mixed with water. The tree companies use a hydraulic system which forces the liquid into the ground. This fertilizer is much stronger and, since it is liquid, is absored much faster by the roots and gets into the "blood-

stream" much quicker.

(3) A heavy mulch of manure may be used if available. A depth of 2 to 3 inches is recommended. Horse manure is the richest and the dryest, is fast fermenting, and called a "hot" manure. Cattle manure is wetter and lower in nutrients than horse manure and decomposes more slowly in the soil, which makes it especially valuable for sandy soils. Pig manure is slow-acting and long-lasting. It is slow to ferment and is a "cold" manure. Old manure which has been stacked for several months is safer to use than fresh manure, and the nutrients more readily available. One ton of cattle manure will give about 8 lbs. nitrogen, 4 lbs. phosphoric acid, and 8 lbs. potash. Pig manure provides slightly less total nutrients and horse manure about 75% more.

CREDITS

Six A.M. languor pillows in bed, birds scavenge cherries, cats stalk birds, camp bell clangs, dog barks dreams, Take one, scene one Morning Scenario

JoAnne Zywna Kerr Weld Poultry and Pigeon manure are at least four times as rich in nitrogen, two to three times as rich in phosphorus, and about as rich in potash as cattle manure. It is easier to handle if mixed with half its bulk of fine dry white sand or soil. Since poultry manure is lower in potash, you might want to mix in some good hardwood ashes to bring up the potash ratio.

Use any of these with a good water-

ing program.

The best time to feed trees is just before new growth starts in the spring and until June. The next best time is late Fall—from September until the ground freezes. Fertilizer applied in the fall becomes available to the plant the following spring.

The rate of fertilizer depends on the size of the tree. Judgement must be used when applying any ferilizer. Naturally, a small tree would need less

than a larger one.

One way to judge the right amount is to measure the diameter of the tree trunk, 2 to 3 feet up from the ground. The following recommendations are for the common fertilizer, which I have suggested—2 lbs. per inch of trunk diameter.

Water thoroughly after application and thereafter if the weather is dry, every few days, then every few weeks, soaking the ground for several hours.

Most healthy shade trees should be fertilized every three years. A close watch on the amount of growth should be your guide; and, if necessary, fertilize more often until the tree regains its strength.

The Lucas Tree Expert Co., Inc. of Portland has been kind enough to say that they would be happy to answer any questions which you may have to help you with the problem. Or you may call me at Little Ossippee Florist,

in Limerick.

I cannot imagine a world without trees It would be oh, so barren and bare. When God created this old world Right after Adam, 'twas trees He put there.

Tall branches through which the North Wind blows, Leaves in the night softly sighing, Whistles of the song-birds nestled there.

With never a thought of dying.

Mrs. Harriman writes the regular Potpourri column of gardening tips.



At The Cottage

by Carol Gestwicki

SOUNDS NEAR A MAINE LAKE IN SUMMER

Chipmunk sounds—the chipmunk chipping in the woods—steadily, repeatedly, rhythmically; then pausing, speeding up, still chipping, then suddenly silent. The sudden frantic dash through leaves, wildly chipping, as one chipmunk chases another. Later in the summer, the rustling of leaves as he stuffs them in his mouth to carry off for his nest.

The clang of horsehoes across the lake.

The rippling of water against a swiftly gliding canoe.

The distant, faint hoot of the barred owl: hoot-hoot-de-hoot. Acorns clattering on the roof.

The thud of a neighbor's work on a well point.

The soft cooing of a family of loons on the lake speaking just to each other, the mighty flap of their wings as they scoot and splash along the lake before take-off, the minor-keyed wail in the night.

The bell on a cottage calling child-

ren home.

The gentle rustle as pine branches move back and forth high in the big old trees.

The whir and then plop of a fishing line cast into the lake.

The crash as a branch falls, far off in the woods. The bang of a screen door.

The raucous call of a red-winged blackbird, skimming from one lowwater bush to another.

Frogs, unseen at the end of the pond, in a loud, antiphonal chorus.

And, over it all, the busyness of children: splashing, calling, running, in motor boats, on the beach, on the floats, in the woods, at night.



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... Page h Goings On

torical & marine collections. Open yearround, Tues.-Sat. 10-4. Admission \$1.00 (members free).

THE TAYLOR BARRY HOUSE: 24 Summer St., Kennebunk. An 1803 Federal-period sea-captain's house w/stencilled hallway, period furnishings. Open thru Oct. 15, Tues., Weds., Thurs. 1-4. Historic Dramatization Dear Sarah July & August only, at 1, 2, 3 o'clock. Admission \$2.00.

USED BOOK SALE: North Bridgton Library every Saturday thru Sept. 4, 10-4; Weds. evening 7-8:30 p.m.

BLUEGRASS FESTIVAL: First Annual Andover Folk Festival, to benefit Andover Library. Friday August 6th. Bring your own picnic supper and play your own instruments at an impromptu session 6 p.m. Concert at 8 p.m. featuring 1 Maine band, 2 North Carolina bands and the Cane Creek Cloggers from N.C. (as well as other features). Contra dancing. Kid's Corner. At the Chandler Hill Farm (Ezekiel Merrill House), corner Rt. 120 & So. Arm Rd., overlooking Ellis River. Admission \$3.00. Phone 392-3422 for more information. Also: ANDOVER OLD HOME DAY, Saturday, Aug. 7th.

... Page d Ayah

lotte E. Hobbs Memorial Library in Lovell. Both summer visitors and residents thoroughly enjoy the interesting articles about folks and places in this area.

Second, I'd like to know if this periodical has an index... We keep all back issues of BitterSweet as well as the other New England periodicals we receive because they are a major source of information for students doing projects and papers on Maine topics. With an index, they would be even more valuable...

Sue Black, Librarian Bridgton

Ed. Note: Such an index is in fact in the works and will be announced at its completion.

Summer is upon us and upon us, too, are the memories of summers long gone by. Swimming, potato salad, and lots of company are three of my favorites, but the one that fairly chokes me with nostalgia is the vision of my wonderful father cutting the tall grass with a scythe. His unusual rhythmic grace and his steadfastness seem not so much a mundane task as a beautiful ballet. I share these thoughts in a bit of poetry, though my humble words are inadequate to express the joy this memory brings to me.

Audrey Linke Hamden, Connecticut

Ed. Note: How timely! See page 8 for Mrs. Linke's poem.

Honduras. San Pedro Sula—a small city colorful as a fruit basket, set against a backdrop of plum mountains and blue sky popcorn-stitched with cloud puffs. Rooftops tiled or thatched, orange or red. Bougainvillea, poinsettias, lilacs growing in commonplace abundance.

Spires of dark cedar and white bell towers, rising majestically together beyond a stucco wall, muting the wild and gaudy colors of the roofs and flowers—arresting, and resting, the eye. Fragrance of orange blossoms on every breeze. A climate like a dream.

This is the place the Doughtys—Robbie (for Roberta) and Ed (for Edwin) of Wilderness Campground in Norway—fell in love with twelve winters ago and have returned to every year to work as lay missionaries.

More is there than spectacular beauty: Poverty. Need of every description. And—El Salvador just beyond the mountains.

"A woman was murdered right across the street from us," said Robbie, matter-of-factly, under-emphasizing the event. "Because of the refugees everywhere and the guerillas being trained in the mountains to fight in San Salvador, they need weapons and they always need food. Sometimes they kill. Crime does exist. But we don't become preoccupied with it." Here she smiles. "Anyway, I'm never afraid."

Their work absorbs them, leaving no time for dwelling on danger. Calls go out to them from various villages among the mountains. A car is seldom available for their use, so they travel 'round about on the public bus; the only "gringoes" on board, usually, but when the patrols stop to search for guns or other contraband, they are not bothered. Most Hondurans know them by now. The señor is the one who "fixes anything that needs to be fixed." The señora is the one who paints pictures and works at the clinic.

Actually, their chores are legion. Ed has built clinics for doctors there, installed water systems, repaired automobiles, done welding, plumbing, carpentry, electrical work, or anything else the villagers lack the skill or training to do. As he works, he also teaches, for his goal is to make the

Ed & Robbie Doughty

Ministering to Needs from Norway to Honduras



by Pat White Gorrie

natives independent. Happily, he shares the secrets of his skills.

One of his winter projects was assisting, with the financial aid of a U. S. government technology grant, young mechanics in the making of water wheels so that croplands can be irrigated—a boon eagerly awaited by poor rural farmers.

Robbie's days, too, are full. By 7:30 a.m. she is exercising, doing calisthenics with a group. Several days a week she paints—oils of striking power and beauty, depicting the volcanic mountains, strong-faced people, and lush environment she sees all around her in Honduras.

Marketing and preparing food can take "hours and hours," she comments. "You know," she says, "it's a lot different there. You don't eat out of cans or pick up your food in a supermarket. There are stalls upon stalls in the open air markets and you go from one to the other and haggle about the food and the prices, and then you take home what you bought and wash everything with detergent and Clorox and rinse it as well as you can, and then you cook everything from scratch."

Still, she finds time for days of work in the clinics or the hospital, helping with patients and all the "nitty-gritty stuff," like changing beds or applying bandages.

With other women, she sews, for the needy are everywhere. Layettes for newborns are a big item.

"We—Ed and I—go where we're needed and do what we can. After the hurricane in 1974, the banana fields and homes of the workers were devastated. We took them clothes, food, helped them rebuild. And I spent many hours writing thank you messages to the States to those who sent aid.

"There are several villages where we travel—Pinadejo where the clinic is, Yora where the agricultural school is. The roads are abominable to travel over, but the view! Magnificent! Sometimes we travel to Copan, ten miles from the Guatemalan border, just for the beauty of it all; Mayan ruins are there."

This remarkable pair goes to Honduras at their own expense. Housing is provided (by the World Mission Board of the United Church of Christ Congregational; they belong to the Congregational Church in Norway). Transportation from the States and back is not. "In the beginning the fare wasn't too bad—\$500 or \$600. Now it's around \$900," says Robbie, "and that doesn't count the cost of food or other things."

The other English-speaking inhabitants there draw together for everything from prayer to poker, Yahtzee to needlepoint. "The natives speak Spanish. We Americans need each other for company!"

For 17 years, native Mainers Robbie and Ed lived and worked (for United Aircraft) in Connecticut, honing the practical, mechanical, and diplomatic skills that, unkowingly, they would end up using later in that foreign land.

They raised three children: Donna, Joanne, and Terri; and Robbie did all the "usual things, like PTA, Girl Scout leadership, and church activities. I

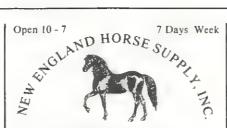
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also sewed and knitted, but never painted, not until six years ago."

When she and Ed left Connecticut to come back to Maine, they bought Wilderness Campground area (off Yagger Road) which at that time, 1963, contained only a barn. They worked hard to build a home and create a family camping environment, and opened for business in 1965. (Robbie ran it alone until Ed moved up permanently in 1967.)

Sandwiched in between the work, Robbie took time for fun and companionship as she hiked and climbed Jim Hill Mountain with campers or family.

Mountains have been an important part of her life. She climbed many of them, in Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire, with her children and later her grandchildren. David, Foster, and Reed tent outside; Rhonda stays in grandma's house, and they all do clean-up, work in the store, make change, take reservations, and help in the woods clearing brush and setting up campsites.

There are arts and crafts projects, singalongs, hayrides, or a magic show or puppetry put on by a minister who visits with his family from Ohio.

But there's no amusement center just water, woods, and the great big rock in Sand Pond that the teenagers clamber onto, soft summer evenings, to giggle or whisper softly to each other, or sing to a soft guitar.

Curfew is at ten p.m. After that, quiet is appreciated. In fact, it's mandatory!

"There must be a reason why people come back to Wilderness year after year," says one of the veteran campers, who finally gave in to the lure and moved here for good after 14 years of camping there. "Especially teenagers. Most older teens wouldn't be caught dead camping with their folks, especially where there's no movie or boardwalk, or entertainment close by.

"It's got to be the atmosphere. There's something about that campground, and Rob and Ed themselves, that draws you back.

"They're wonderful people."

Gorrie wrote this story last year from her home in Otisfield. This summer, Robbie and Ed Doughty are still contemplating whether or not they can return to Honduras.

You Don't Say

SUMMER SHOE

As the owner of a small retail store nestled into the foothills of the White Mountains that caters to a large contingent of seasonal tourists, one becomes accustomed to long hours—often as many as 84 a week during July and August.

The hours and the monotony of the slow times seem somehow to contribute to the practical jokes that have become commonplace among the tired business owners.

After finding our store covered with "For Sale," "Apartment for Rent," and "No Smoking" signs one morning when we arrived, we decided the only way to retaliate was in kind.

Placing an old shoe in the ice freezer next door was good for a lot of laughs during the next day or so. Almost everyone who opened the freezer to get ice made some kind of remark or had some reaction to it.

The funniest, however, was an elderly couple. He held the heavy door of the freezer open for his wife, while she reached inside for a bag of ice. Since it was late in the day, the bags had frozen solid to the bottom.

The two of them stared in silence at the chest and the shoe encrusted in ice for a long time, while we stood inside watching, unbeknownst to them. Not a word was whispered, and neither one so much as smiled.

Finally, the gentleman reached into the freezer, removed the shoe and used it to pound a bag of ice loose from the bottom. He handed the bag to his wife and spoke, still with a straight face. "You see, Hazel, I told you that shoe was there for a reason."

Jim Keil Naples

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Rte. 117 at 302 Bridgton, Maine 04009 647-5101 Last month's Can You Place It? was identified first by Mrs. George Allen of Oxford. She knew it was Maplecroft—a guest home once located on a hill between Norway Center and Lake Pennesseewassee. It was run for years by Mr. and Mrs. William Hobbs and their children, and it burned many years ago. (The picture was loaned by Anna Henderson.) In a future issue we will excerpt some recollections of Norway at the turn of the century from Listen My Children, a book by the Hobbs' daughter, Sadie A. Cummings.

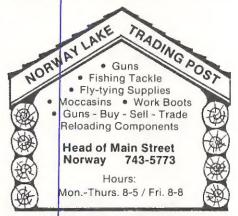
We were finally overwhelmed by those who wrote to identify the June photo as Portland's long-gone Grand Trunk Railroad Station, also featured in our May 1982 issue. They were: Dolores Davis, Alfred; Henry W. Morton and Bernard Bailey, South Paris; Ruth Moulton, Cape Neddick; Robert Harlow, Washington, D.C.; Mrs. D. B. Cram, Hiram; Thelma Cummings, Scarborough; Jewel Libby, Steep Falls; Bob Brown, Paris Hill; Jacqueline Morton, Cumberland Foreside; Elaine Flaherty, Cape Elizabeth; Mrs. Malcolm Drinkwater, Cornish; Mrs. Lee Doone, Fort Richey, Florida; Charles Cutting, Andover; and Joseph A. Bolster, South Easton, Mass., who told us: "... Portland lost a beautiful building. The brick building to the right of the station housed the Grand Trunk offices and is still in use. In the background is the huge grain elevator where

Can You Place It?

If you recognize this locality, write us at P. O. Box 6, Norway, ME 04268. The first to identify it will receive a free subscription to BitterSweet.

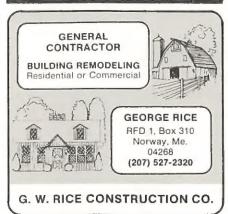


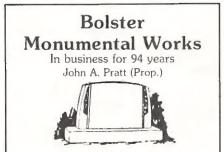
grain was stored when brought in by rail and awaiting loading on a ship (this is on the waterfront)...the Grand Trunk still uses the yard tracks and it was from here the 470 railroad trips to Island Pond, Vt. originated." For all you RAILFANS: Next month BitterSweet will begin a long multipart series of rail history on the Grand Trunk from Portland to Island Pond. Don't miss it!











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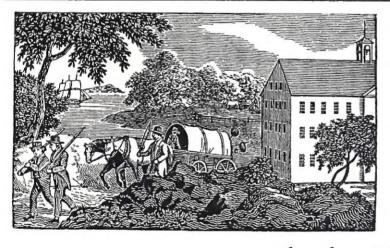
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